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OFFICES:
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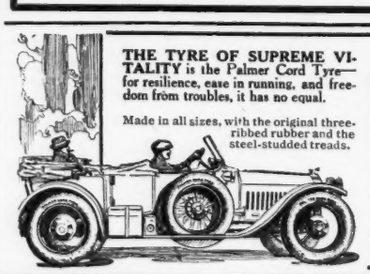
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How to Solve the Rural Housing Problem

"FOR forty or fifty years," said Mr. Lloyd George at Manchester, "we have talked about or have played with the housing problem." In regard to the rural side of the problem it is evident that unless means are taken to split up a great unmanageable proposition into a number of smaller ones the process described by the Prime Minister may go on till Doomsday. The schemes under consideration at this moment involve a formidable expenditure variously estimated at sums ranging from £125,000,000 to £190,000,000. Exigencies of war have familiarised people with enormous outlay, and no plain, direct opposition has been formulated. But thoughtful men and women who take into account the national impoverishment, thinly veiled by the prosperity of those who have amassed riches by supplying the demands of war, and the gigantic national debt which necessitates a heavy burden of taxation, know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he may be, will not be able to find the money; nor can he devolve the task of providing it on the local authorities. They are behindhand with their roads, drains, bridges. Not one but has had to put off most needful capital expenditure till the war is over. So just as the grandiose afforestation scheme propounded by the Erosion Committee achieved no results, so the housing plans now being put forward only benumb and bewilder. It would be otherwise if the huge proposal were split into its component parts and each dealt with by the body directly concerned. At the same time this would infallibly lead in the direction of greater economy and efficiency. Attacked on this principle the difficulty will not be found insoluble; and agriculture needs no eleemosynary help just now. It is ridiculous to offer it. The whole matter may be settled on business lines without adding to the burdens of the taxpayer. People sitting in committee rooms are very seldom expert at adjusting aims and means, but are addicted to the practice of evolving from their inner consciousness ideal plans that bear no relation to the resources at the command of those who carry them out. In the country a more practical spirit prevails than in the London committee rooms. It is recognised there that rural housing is a compendious term for a multitude of problems. Consider for a moment that it includes the housing of the village postman as well as the greengrocer, of the roadmen as well as farm labourers, of the small-holder and of the village tailor. It would be a very wide formula that applied to all.

Let us try to separate the groups from one another in order to resolve the large and unmanageable problem into its component parts. The first distinction to be made is between the village cottage and the farm cottage. In the typical village there is a miscellaneous population of artisans and tradespeople who, as a rule, are well able to look after dwellings for themselves. There are four or five roadmen permanently employed either by the County Council to look after the main roads or by the Parish or District Council for the lanes. It would involve no hardship to require the authority to supply a cottage and garden for each of them. No loss would be involved, as the rent would come out of wages, the offer of the authority being such and such a wage with the cottage and garden. But that would apply to other bodies equally well. Nearly every school is accompanied by a school house, but this only applies to the head-master; no provision is made for his staff, which may amount to four or five. This makes a constant demand on the housing accommodation in the village. If there is a railway station, a station-master and one or two porters are often employed without the company finding dwellings. The railway company ought to house its staff.

Experience gained during the war would enable the value of these cottages and gardens to be correctly assessed and fixed as part of the wages. No fiction should be started of there being free cottages, as though the employer out of his generosity threw them into the bargain. We have discussed the questions with all sorts and conditions of men and in nearly all parts of the country without meeting a dissentient voice from those with practical experience of the conditions. The outcry against so-called tied houses comes exclusively from politicians and theorists. But let us keep the argument clear. On the farm two classes of workers are employed, viz., the necessary and permanent hands, such as the shepherd, the stockman, the ploughman and labour temporary in character. In the future the more important of the latter will be the small-holders, who may find it convenient to increase the profit of their land by earning wages at certain seasons of the year. The Board of Agriculture, which has purchased land for the purpose of settling ex-Service men on it, has accepted, as a matter of course, the responsibility for providing houses, cottages and outbuildings for the tenants. All attempts at reorganising agriculture should have for one of their aims the change of the casual into a permanent labourer. It is best for the man and best for food production that he should enlist in the regular army of labour. But we are speaking from carefully acquired knowledge in making the assertion that the overcrowded village is generally a result of the ill-housed farm. It will be found that farm cottages and even farm houses were diverted from their original purpose in order to meet the wants of the week-ender. They should revert to their original purpose. Again, farmers who have bought their holdings seldom build cottages. Most of them have coined money out of the war, and without hardship or injustice could be compelled to find dwellings for their indispensable men. Every cottage is a sound investment, and by a wise distribution of responsibility the shortage could be so reduced that the completion of the supply would be a light task for the State or the Local Authority.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue a portrait of Lady Rachel Sturgis, who is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, and was married in 1914 to Mr. Mark Beresford Russell Sturgis.



THE magnificent feat of arms with which the American First Army made as it were its *début* is easily the most popular event of the many stirring happenings of these wonderful weeks. And the enthusiasm evoked was not merely sentimental, it was due to appreciation of the characteristically neat and clean-cut way in which the St. Mihiel victory was achieved. To bite off two hundred square miles in two days is no light task, and that it was carried through without a hitch and in advance of the scheduled programme is a splendid tribute to all concerned, and not the least to those responsible for the staff work. How good the staff work was and how badly disorganised was the German finds amusing illustration in the manner in which an entire regiment, with its commander and its whole staff, found itself surrounded by Americans. The commander asked leave to call over the roll so that he might discover what his losses had been. When it was called there were but two absentees. "The whole regiment was marched off the field of battle under its own officer and words of command," says a correspondent, "guarded by a few joyous but ridiculously inadequate troopers, who looked with their cowboy seat and reckless good humour like Highland drovers of a bygone century herding home a drove of raided cattle."

ENEMY depression has found natural expression in the Austro-Hungarian Peace Note. Unlike the proposals of 1916, which followed quickly upon the overrunning of Rumania, the latest Note is the outcome of the continued defeats which cannot be concealed from the German people. There is no longer talk of victory, but instead an assumption that neither side can effect a decision by force of arms. It is difficult to believe that the enemy Governments expected anything else but rejection of their proposals; but they doubtless counted, and unfortunately not without reason, that the ingenuousness of their proposals would give a fillip to a discredited but noisy section of public opinion in Britain. If it is intended as a diversion to give breathing time for reorganisation, there is only one answer, and that a sharp and pointed one. That answer was quickly forthcoming from Mr. Balfour, to be followed in a few hours by a no less emphatic *non possumus* from the United States. If the Note was in the nature of a concession by Germany to her weary ally, then such unambiguous statements can do nothing but good. The time is past for sneering at peace, and we none of us conceal our longing for it; on the contrary, we are more resolutely determined than never before, to press home to the full extent of our power the only argument which is likely to avail in order that we may secure the establishment of a peace that shall ensure the safety of the world.

NO prudent writer at the present moment would recommend the outlay of public money unless it be for exceptionally pressing reasons. But provision for the men who have fought for the country by land or sea or air must rank as an imperative duty of which no other takes precedence. The day is past when public opinion allowed the war-worn soldier, when his campaigns were over, to relapse into the ranks of the unemployed. It must be generally conceded now that the business of providing holdings for them can be attacked more advantageously by each County Council doing its bit than by the Board of Agriculture trying to grapple with the whole question. The obstacle in the way of the County Council is the Treasury's embargo on purchase. No one will be inclined to judge the financial authorities too harshly. The Government is bound to walk very warily in order to extricate the nation from the embarrassing debt which has accumulated to gigantic dimensions during the war, but money laid out on agricultural land just now is not thrown into the sea. Land is an investment which must increase in value for some time to come.

THE principle of dividing the burden among the County Councils is precisely the same as that advocated for overcoming the housing difficulty. In the case of small holdings it has been agreed without argument that a dwelling should be provided with the land. To extend this to the houses of farm labourers is as sound as it is natural. Every farmer knows the advantage of it. He could obtain hands in the greatest stress if he had a cottage and garden to offer. He would admit, too, that the owner who provides dwellings for the men has added to the value of the land and should receive the equivalent in added rent. Nor is any difficulty made for the Wages Board. If the cottager prefers to pay rent, let him pay rent; if not, when his wage is fixed the value of the dwelling can easily be ascertained. Were this put on a clear business footing there would be no difficulty in finding the building capital, for the simple reason that good security could be offered for it.

THAT relations between Germany and Austria are far from easy is very evident from the German newspapers. Said the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* recently: "The supremacy of German commercial policy must remain unquestioned. It would be most dangerous to chain Germany to the constantly changing sentiments and difficulties of Austro-Hungarian national conflicts." The German problem is thus by no means a simple one, partly because Germany herself is not at one, and next because Austria and Hungary are not wholly in agreement with each other or with Germany, most of all because everything economic depends upon the after war settlement. Faced with the gloomy outlook of a net of economic contracts, "which," says Dr. Goetze, "will paralyse, if not render impossible, our textile, fat, electrical, metal, cable, automobile, rubber, leather, jute, soap, oil, and vegetable fat industries," it is not surprising that there should be signs of quarrelsome irritability among our enemies. They may not yet have realised the certainty of the triumph of the Allies, but they are under no delusion as to the potency of the economic weapon which the Entente holds. Food may be short, discomfort may be acute, but their eyes are turned to the future. We, for our part, have long ago ceased to build much on the internal condition of the Central Empires. There is one way, and only one, by which peace can be attained, and that is by driving home to the mind of our enemies a due realisation of the Allied supremacy and all that its waxing strength holds in store.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

I saw a man at evening plough the land,
I went to him and walked at his right hand.

"The earth is dry," I said, "where is your gain?"
"Why God" he said, "will surely send the rain."

"And all this toil, what profit will it give?"
"A poor man toils," he said, "that he may live."

And if you sow, what proof that you will reap?"
"No proof," he said, "the seed lies in that heap."

"And when the harvest comes, what of the grain?"
"On some we live and some we sow again."

"If that is all," I said, "then all is vain."
"What do you mean?" he said, "God sends the rain."

G. D., India.

IT used to be regarded as an axiom that a strike to be successful must be supported by public opinion, but strike has succeeded strike and threats rise to a crescendo. Railwaymen, coal-heavers, cotton operatives, and one knows not who next are crying, in effect, "Your money or your life," and all this at a moment of unparalleled opportunity for our arms, when, indeed, the enemy's frontier comes almost within striking distance. It is impossible to push away the belief that the discontent which is expressing itself so regardlessly of the national temper is to be traced to enemy instigation, and the ball, having been set rolling, will be difficult to arrest. To strike has become an attractive and absurdly easy mode of getting what one wants. There is only one possible course: the whole realm of labour must be seen and dealt with as a single problem with foresight and courage, and only so shall we escape licensed highway robbery.

AFTER the war it is safe to assume that a considerable number of those who have made fortunes out of it will endeavour to attain the dignity of an estate. Particularly will this hold true of such as, in addition to amassing riches, have been recipients of hereditary or other titles. This would send up the price of land of itself, but there is the further consideration that the intrinsic value of the soil must be increased by the determination of the country never again to be dependent on foreign sources for food. Hence no impoverishment is likely to ensue from the judicious purchase of land. If that be granted, the case for empowering the County Councils to purchase in order to establish ex-soldiers on small holdings is made out. But pains must be taken to see that these enterprises rest on a sound business footing. Any scheme which is philanthropic in its constitution is bound to turn out a failure. But if the arrangements are made so skilfully as to lead to the ultimate prosperity of the new holders, the benefit should last for their lives and the lives of their descendants. And why should that not be so? Such low prices for food as ruined the agricultural industry in the eighties of last century are not now within the scope of vision. Even before the war nearly all the purchases made by the County Councils had begun to show a marked enhancement in value.

IN these days of crowded railway carriages more people than desire it are afforded the opportunity to watch the pageant of England as it floats past the corridor window. But how interesting is the passing show! It is a September day, the sky thronged with clouds not the less stormy looking because their fleecy depths are lighted by a sun not altogether shrouded. Farm-folk are leading their crops, and on the stubbles bands of gleaners have appeared once more. Antique and Anglo-Saxon they look bending for the heads of corn. In the olden time they made "singles" of them, a single being about as much as two hands could span. Below the ears, round the neck so to speak, they were plaited straw like the kirn dolly carried before the reapers as they carried the last load "whoam." Antiquarians say the kirn is connected with quern, the primitive mill, and that the "dolly" originated in a Pagan representation of the goddess Ceres. But these bent figures gathering little dues of wheat are undreaming of this and scarce remember what the jolly harvest home of old was like. And, truth to tell, gleaning is not much encouraged by the unsentimental modern farmer.

IT is more like his thrifty ways to turn out his fowls so that the scattered grain may be transformed into chicken. Here and there a flock of sheep had been turned out to get a bite of corn from the stubble. But the most industrious gleaners were of the feathered variety. Despite the injunction to shoot and destroy, great flocks of rooks and starlings, wood pigeons and mixed congregations of sparrows and other small birds were industriously feeding on the leavings of the harvest. There were also great flights of pewit flashing their black and white in the gleams of sunlight. No grain eaters they, however. And white winged gulls preferred to follow the plough, already busy on the scene of the stubble. They were all horse-ploughs—if the tractor-ploughs were busy they avoided the railway line. Often a hawk was seen above them. Higher still the newest of all birds was exercising, pirouetting on its tail, or tumbling about in the airlike a wild sea monster in the deep. In other words, the aeroplane was doing stunts as if to remind all and sundry of the grim shadow of war hanging over what the poet called the happy autumn fields. Often they descended so low as almost to sweep the high neglected hawthorns already growing ruddy with berries.

THE failure of the fruit crops earlier in the year is, to some small extent, likely to be made good by the bumper yield of blackberries. No one who has taken a walk across the commons and along the hedgerows can have failed to be struck with the prodigal manner in which Nature seems, in a fit of penitence, to be doing her best to make good the ill turn she had served us. The collection of blackberries under the supervision of the County Executives is proceeding apace, although it is impossible to estimate at present what the total crop available for the Ministry of Food is likely to be. Before the war it was always a matter of difficulty for the jam makers to use a big crop to the best advantage, but the general adoption of fruit pulping in this country is making the systematic treatment of fruit possible. A good many fruit pulping stations controlled by the Ministry of Food were set up last year and new stations have either been installed or are in course of installation at Faversham, Doncaster, Evesham, Paddock Wood and Walpole Cross Keys, Norfolk. With these and the Cambridge station, which is now being removed nearer to the fruit producing area of the Isle of Ely, there are now nearly a dozen stations in the kingdom. To those who suppose that fruit pulping, which is, of course, the sterilisation of fruit which enables it to be kept for some time, is merely a temporary measure, the answer is that the permanence of the industry is attested by the frequent applications that have been made by fruit growers and jam manufacturers to purchase the pulping stations and their plant. On the Continent this method of dealing with surplus fruit had long been in use, particularly in Germany, and it now seems likely that the belated establishment of the industry in England will be of the greatest value in the days to come.

PROMOTIONS in the Navy of warrant officers to commissioned rank have perhaps inevitably been somewhat jealously guarded, and though the principle of such promotions has been admitted, there has been a good deal of discontent in the past. The Admiralty, acting on the recommendation of the Committee which has been examining problems affecting warrant officers and artisan ratings, has decided to increase the number of promotions of commissioned warrant officers and warrant officers to commissioned rank. In future double the pre-war number will be promoted in each branch, and after the first step has been gained, promotion will go by seniority. The interests of the older officers are to be preserved. Promotion will be made as formerly, for long and zealous service, and will entail no examination. This is all excellent, and we may hope that promotion as a whole, and not least among commissioned officers, will be made to flow a little more quickly. There are many reforms pressing for enactment, and none more urgently than the whole question of the payment of officers. If this present action is but a step towards reviewing the whole question of pay and promotion it deserves to be cordially welcomed.

TO MY BATTERY ABROAD.

My Battery, with whom in France,
For eighteen months I took my chance
Of shells and marches, mud or rest,
Whatever G.H.Q. thought best,
And shared Maconachie and rum,
And laughed with some, and cursed at some,
Yet loved each man at whom I swore,
God knows, as brothers love, and more.

Where are you now, for good or ill?
Are you in that damned salient still,
Still at it in the same old way,
Fatigues all night and shoots all day,
Or have they pulled the Division back
To practise for the next attack?
Well, trench or billet, rest or line,
Good luck go with you, friends of mine!

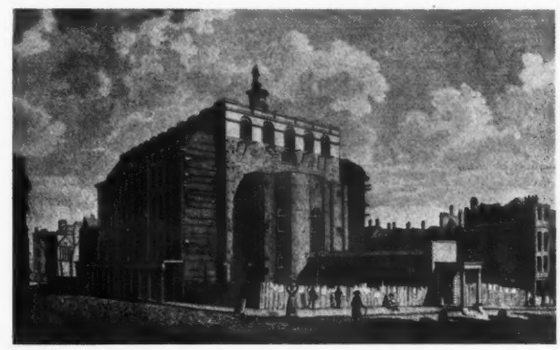
And here I lie this bitter night
When all the room is warm and bright,
And pretty nurses bring me tea
And smooth my sheets and smile at me,
And I can only curse the pain
And wish I were with you again.

C. R. MACARTNEY.

A LETTER which we print elsewhere draws attention once more to the voracious appetite for office accommodation which Government departments have developed. There are few corners in London so full of literary and historic interest as the Adelphi, there are certainly few places so ill suited for the purposes of a large organisation as these small, rather inconvenient eighteenth century houses. A few houses in John Street were taken over some months ago, but apparently, on second thoughts, were not needed as offices and so turned into billets for airmen employed in the Ministry. The work of making them habitable for a large number of inmates has cost a great deal of money and has resulted in such disfigurements as the putting of drain pipes through ceilings. That such a fate should be even possible for some of the beautiful old plaster ceilings with their Angelica Kauffmann plaques should stir to protest all who have a care for what is beautiful and cannot ever be replaced or compensated for. If accommodation in that particular district is really needed, we would invite the Office of Works to inspect the large area of unused land lying between Adelphi Terrace and the Embankment. Temporary buildings on this plot would cost far less to erect than the necessary alterations to the Adam houses, and would be in every way more accessible and convenient.

THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY LANE

[In all its long history no manager has held sway over Drury Lane Theatre so long as Mr. Arthur Collins, in honour of whose twenty-one years' management the "Pageant of Drury Lane Theatre" is to be presented on Friday afternoon next. In the following article Mr. Austin Brereton, out of his great knowledge of theatrical history, tells the story of the four Theatres Royal, Drury Lane.—Ed.]



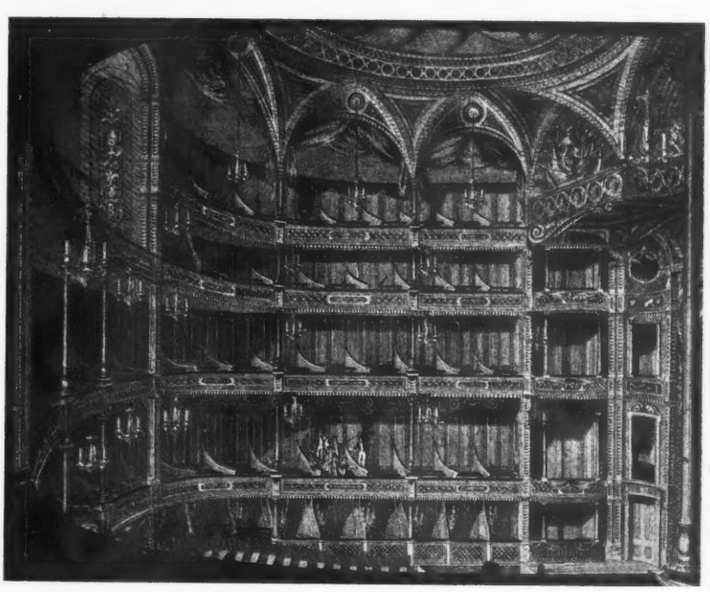
THE THIRD THEATRE.
Burnt down in 1809.

VINEGAR YARD, DRURY LANE, will live in the history of London as the site of the four playhouses which, in succession, have existed on this spot for more than two centuries and a half. The name is a corruption from Vine Garden Yard, or Vine-yard. The rate-books of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in which parish it is situated, show that it was in existence in 1621. The register of the same church records the burial, on February 4th, 1624, of "Blind John out of Vinagre Yard." Pope and Smollett have references to the locality. In the "Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. Curll's Authors," "the schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose" is a resident of "the Hercules and Hell in Vinegar Yard." Clayrender's letter in "Roderick Random" is written to her "Dear Kreeter" from "Wingar Yeard, Droory Lane." The first reference to the theatre is found in the manuscript diary, Mercurius Politicus Redivivus, of Thomas Rugge, who, on March 2nd, 1661, records: "A very large play house: the foundation of it laid this month on the back side of Brydges Street, in Covent Garden." Brydges Street is now Catherine Street. The name of Vinegar Yard still perpetuates the thoroughfare which formerly ran from Brydges Street, by way of Marquis Court, to Drury Lane. Gates, locks, bolts and bars forbid the presence of the ordinary pedestrian, but the old passage, in its modernised form, can still be traced. The origin of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is to be found in the friendship of Charles II for Thomas Killigrew, who, like his father, was a Royalist to the core. He had been with Charles in exile and he returned to England with the King on board the same ship. Charles, in 1660, gave permission to Killigrew and Sir William Davenant to establish two companies of players and to build their own theatres. Later on, that is to say on April 25th, 1662, and January 15th, 1663, respectively, he gave them the patents under which the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, became the leading playhouses of London. The history of the latter theatre did not begin until 1733, when John Rich transferred the patent of Davenant's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields to Covent Garden.

Killigrew's theatre, commonly called the King's, for his company was the King's, Davenant's being the Duke's, was opened on Thursday, May 7th, 1663, with "The Humorous Lieutenant" of Beaumont and Fletcher, a popular play in Elizabethan times, when it was acted by John Lowin, Joseph Taylor and Henry Condell, who were all Shakespearean players. The dimensions of the land upon which the theatre was built were: length, 112 feet; breadth, at the east (the Drury Lane) end, 59 feet; at the Brydges Street end, 58 feet. The cost of the building was £1,500. The yearly rent of the land, situated in the parishes of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and St. Paul's, Covent Garden, payable to the Earl of Bedford,



INTERNAL VIEW OF THE SECOND THEATRE, 1674—1792.



INTERIOR OF THE THIRD THEATRE.
Opened in 1794, destroyed by fire in 1808.

was £50. It was not a particularly good building, if we are to judge from the evidence of Mr. Pepys, who, on June 1st, 1664, went "to the King's House and saw 'The Silent Woman'" of Ben Jonson; "but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be, or else I am now-a-days out of humour. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that one in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder, and so my wife and I out and got into a little alehouse, and staid there an hour after the play was done before we could get a coach."



LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS AS ZARA IN "THE MOURNING BRIDE."

A tiled roof protected the stage, but the pit at first was open to the sky, for the sake of the light. It was subsequently covered by a glazed cupola, which, in stormy weather, gave but little shelter. Witness, again, the discomfiture of the Diarist. The first day of May, 1668, was badly served in the matter of weather. Pepys "dined all alone," poor man, at the Hercules Pillars, "and then to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Surprizall': and a disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola at top, it being a very foul day, and cold."

It is worthy of note that the first of the famous benefits which have done so much honour to Drury Lane was extended to Betterton. It took place on April 7th, 1709, when Congreve's "Love for Love," with Betterton in his original character of Valentine, was produced. Many people regarded it as his farewell and paid high prices for their tickets, the net amount realised by the actor, now grown old and within thirteen months of his death, reached the respectable figure of £526 odd.

Betterton's association with Drury Lane belongs to the second building. The ramshackle theatre of Pepys's day was burned down in January, 1672, after an existence of less than nine years. The new house, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was opened on March 26th, 1674. It cost a goodly sum for those times, £4,000. Dryden, in his prologue on the occasion, describes it as "plain-built . . . a bare convenience only," with "a mean, ungilded stage," and his epilogue describes it as a "homely house." The auditorium, the stage close to the pit, and the doors on the stage through which, in certain scenes, the actors made their entrances, are seen in the accompanying engraving, as it appeared shortly before it was pulled down in 1791. Thanks to Colley Cibber, we have an accurate pen-picture of the Drury Lane of Betterton's time. In his "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber, Comedian," published in 1740, he writes: "As there are not many spectators who may remember what form the Drury Lane Theatre stood in about forty years ago, before the old Patentee, to make it hold more money, took it in his head to alter it, it were but justice to lay the original figure, which Sir Christopher Wren first gave it, and the alterations of it now standing, in a fair light. It must be observed, then, that the area and platform of the old stage projected about four foot forwarder, in a semi-oval figure, parallel to the benches in the pit; and that the former lower doors of entrance for the actors were brought down between the two foremost (and then only) Pilasters; in the place of which doors, now the two stage-boxes are fixt. That where the doors of entrance now are, there formerly stood two additional side-wings, in front to a full set of scenes, which had then almost a double effect, in their loftiness and magnificence. By this original form, the usual station of the actors, in almost every scene, was advanced at least ten foot nearer to the audience than they now can be." Prior to 1700 the actors were, indeed, almost part and parcel of the audience, especially when it is recalled that the side-scenes,

or wings, were by no means confined to the players. Even as altered by the grasping "old Patentee," the second Drury Lane had a very "intimate" touch. This small house enjoyed many years of prosperity, notably under the management of "The Triumvirate," Robert Wilks, Thomas Doggett, and Colley Cibber, Doggett being succeeded by Barton Booth, who appeared in Addison's "Cato" in that year and set the town aflame.

The most celebrated management was that of David Garrick. It lasted from 1747 until his retirement in 1776. Garrick was not the sole manager of Drury Lane during the entire period, inasmuch as he had a partner, James Lacy, from 1747 until 1773. Lacy, who died in the latter year, was responsible for the business part of the venture, Garrick for the stage. There is no brighter chapter in the history of the English theatre than that of the twenty-nine years during which Garrick reigned at Drury Lane. The opening night was September 20th, 1747. "The Merchant of Venice" was played, with Charles Macklin as Shylock. Garrick contented himself with reciting Johnson's celebrated prologue in which the oft-misquoted lines:

> The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
> For we, that live to please, must please to live,

occur, and in writing the epilogue, spoken by Peg Woffington. Garrick's management began with an important improvement in the conduct of the house. He announced that "As the admittance of persons behind the scenes has occasioned a general complaint on account of the frequent interruptions in the performance, 'tis hoped gentlemen won't be offended that no money will be taken there in the future." This reformation was resented, not only by a certain section of the public, but by the actors as well, for on their benefit nights their receipts were augmented by those who paid for admission behind the scenes. Ultimately, in 1762 Garrick and Lacy got over this difficulty by enlarging the house so that it held £335, as much as was formerly obtained from all sources, including that for admission to the stage.



DANCE'S PICTURE OF GARRICK AS RICHARD III.

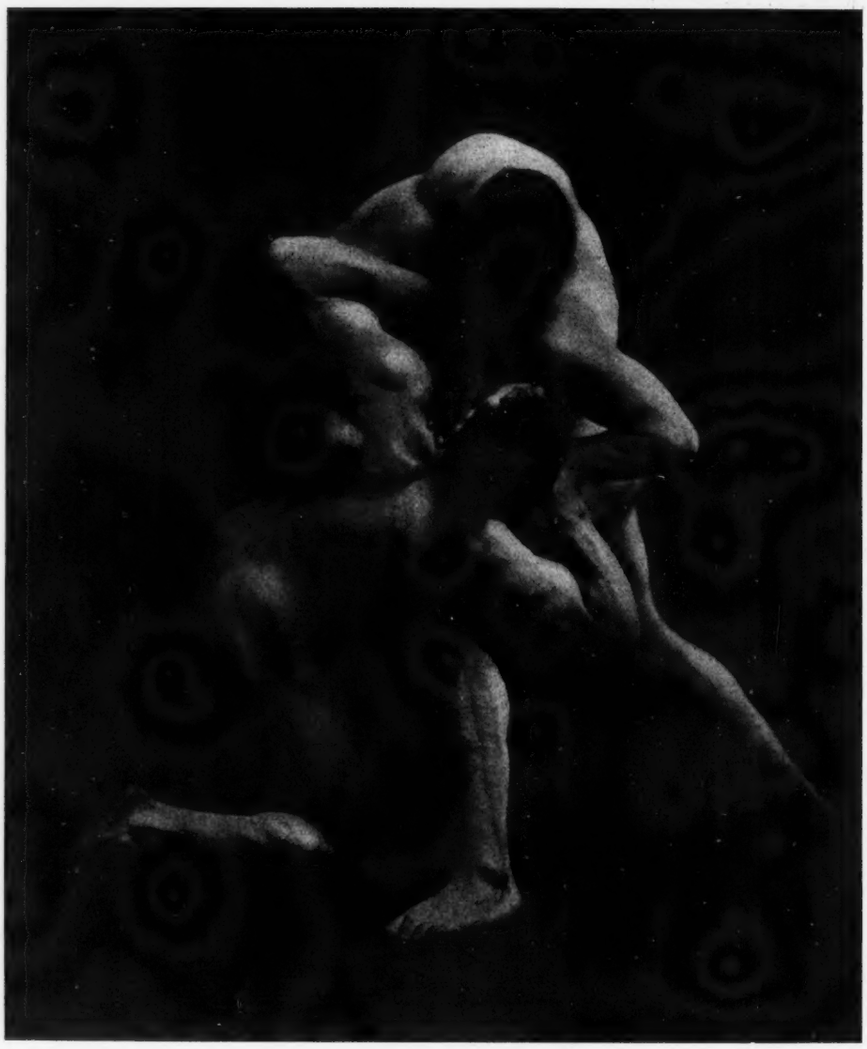
Again in 1776—the year of his retirement—Garrick made many improvements in the house, chiefly in enlarging the approaches, especially those from Brydges Street to the boxes. After his return from Paris, in the season of 1765–66, he introduced a method of lighting new to England. Lights invisible to the audience were substituted for the circular wooden frames, each holding a dozen candles, formerly used.

On September 21st, 1776, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, thanks to his father-in-law, Thomas Linley, and Dr. Ford, came into control. He produced "The School for Scandal" on May 8th, 1777, and "The Critic" on October 30th, 1779. John Henderson, Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble appeared under his management in the second Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. That building, which had stood since 1674, fell into decay, and in 1791 the last performances were given in it. A new theatre, the architect of which was Henry Holland, was opened on March 12th, 1794, with (being Lent, a theatrical performance could not be given) a selection from Handel's oratorios and his Coronation March, the stage representing a Gothic cathedral. The house held 3,611 people, 600 more than its predecessor; in money, £1,771. The dramatic performances began on April 21st with "Macbeth," Kemble as Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and Charles Kemble as Malcolm. It had a very brief career, being destroyed by fire on the night of February 24th, 1809. The fourth, the present, theatre was opened on October 10th, 1812, with a prologue by Byron. Benjamin Wyatt was the architect. The most celebrated actors who have appeared on the stage of the existing theatre include Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready, James Anderson, Samuel Phelps and Henry Irving. Mr. Arthur Collins has held the reins of management for over twenty-one years, the longest period of single management in the history of Drury Lane. To mark the event and by way of helping the theatrical charities, which are to benefit by the proceeds, Mr. Louis N. Parker has revived some of the glories of "Old Drury" in his "Pageant of Drury Lane Theatre," which is to be presented on Friday afternoon, September 27th.

AUSTIN BRERETON.

LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY

THE London Salon of Photography, if it has lost some of its juvenile audacity, has settled down to a mature middle age, and is, so far as the general public is concerned, the better rather than the worse for the change. Doubtless there are, and doubtless there will remain, superior people who would be better pleased to see a thin eclectic line of prints upon the wall rather than, as this year, at the Water Colour Society's Galleries in Pall Mall, more than three hundred and fifty exhibits.



"THE COMBAT," BY W. G. HILL, IN THE LONDON SALON.

The Committee of the Salon evidently are no parties to the high brow belief that the public is a fool, and they have provided an exhibition that succeeds not only in showing what extraordinarily good work in photography is being done, but that there are a great many people engaged in the doing of it. That the standard of former exhibitions has not only been maintained, but surpassed, as is, indeed, the fact, is very remarkable when one remembers the difficulties that beset the path of the amateur photographer of to-day. Materials are not only costly but often unreliable; but more than this, the choice of subjects is severely limited by "Dora."

This limiting effect of the war is the only one that springs to the eye at the present exhibition; it shows itself in the large preponderance of portraits and figure studies, and this preponderance becomes the more marked when we consider only the British photographs; for nearly one-third of the exhibits are American, and these go a long way towards making up the contribution to landscape photography.

Portraiture has passed through many feverish phases in recent years, and, judging by the Salon exhibition, is getting to the stage when it can choose dispassionately from the resources at its command and be content with achieving beauty without striving after sensation. As an example of this, one may point to the excellent use that is being made, and is exemplified in the exhibition, of a soft focus lens. Here now are no blurry, double-edged presentments of unfortunate sitters, but graceful portraits lacking no necessary detail, but clothed as it were in an envelope of light, showing how good a photographic portrait is when it is content to be a photograph. And this last remark applies to almost all the other exhibits. The day is happily past when photographers seemed eager to disguise their photographs as etchings or silver points, or even mezzotints. At their best they were nothing but a *tour de force*, and at their worst, or even mediocre, they were unpleasant shams and so gave occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. No one, however, visiting the present exhibition could safely bring out any of the old arguments as



"HARVEST HOME," BY ALEX. KEIGHLEY. No. 74 IN THE LONDON SALON.

to photography not being an art. There is, indeed, scarcely a single exhibit that does not merit the attention of pictorial artists working in other mediums; and he will be a strangely complacent fellow who can come away saying that he has learnt nothing of lighting or composition.

One might pick out by name any number of prints for detailed comment, but to do so would require more space than is available, for the plain fact is that there are not one nor a dozen nor a score of outstanding pictures; on the contrary, there is, as has already been indicated, a uniform standard of achievement which makes any selection extremely difficult and also unfair. What may be said of the greater number of pictures is that, if any one of them had figured in an exhibition ten or fifteen years ago, it would deservedly have been acclaimed as a picture of the year.

The visitor who is interested in American photography will find it an interesting exercise of his own discernment to pick out, if he can, those prints which come from across the Atlantic. A few he will identify pretty easily, especially some of the portraits where curiously decorative effect is obtained by cast shadows; but on the whole he will find it not so easy as a few years back, and will be inclined to agree that photography has reached a very important stage in its development when there is so little evidence of national freakishness. The world of art knows no geographical bounds, its appeal is universal; and this is now becoming true of photography. M

SMALL HOLDINGS IN NORFOLK

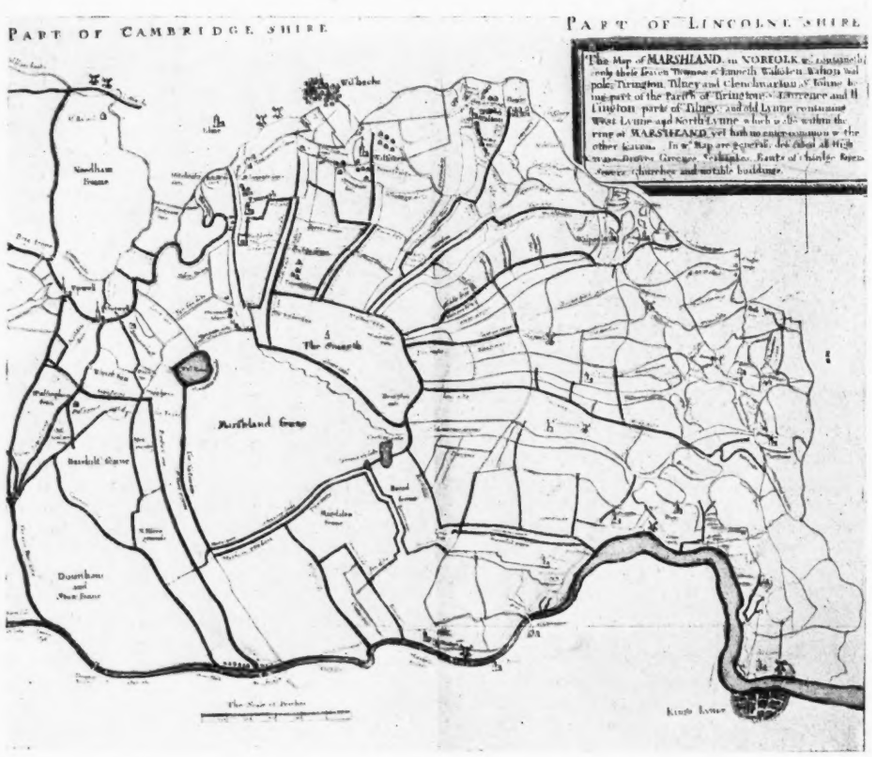
HINTS FOR CROWN COLONIES.

THE great harvest of the year dominated the other features of the landscape as we emerged from Lynn in a westerly direction, making a first stop at Terrington St. Clement, where land was purchased in 1912 and 1913 at prices that look very low to-day. Green Marsh Farm, of 129a. 2r. 18p., cost £6,200 and is divided among ten. Corchin Road, 18a. 2r. 15p., cost £710 and is divided into three. Another farm was acquired at the rate of £6,020 for 143a. 3r. 10p. We stopped to talk to the holders. The little steading of one of them shows a fine example of what may be accomplished in little space. The tenant, a capital type of the peasant sort of small-holder, struck me as being full of go and a very live man from his crown to his boot. He cultivates 7 acres and is extending to its utmost the productive power of the rich silt. Fen farming is chidden by Sir Daniel Hall in his "Pilgrimage" as "a case of exploiting the natural resources of the soil without any return being made," and though he pays a generous tribute to the small-holders as "a sturdy, independent folk of precious value to the State," he suggests that they should add to the variety of their crops "lest they overcrowd the local markets with the limited range of their products." But there are practically no local markets, and a leading characteristic of the Norfolk small holdings is that each is carried on like a farm in miniature, and prosperity depends on the ordinary crops. However, let the produce of this one speak for itself. On his 7 acres the holder maintains on an average 3 cows, 6 pigs, and 1 horse—a head of livestock per acre very much beyond what is carried on a large farm. It enables him to solve the manure question. He certainly is not "exploiting the natural resources of the soil without putting anything back." And he does not confine himself to growing a few crops, but has ascertained the value of the ground for growing fruit. This year he made £200 out of an acre of strawberries and has planted apples, more strawberries and bush fruit, particularly black currants. He grows two or three acres of mangolds and potatoes and puts the rest under corn. Following a Belgian practice, he sows swedes and carrots with his mangolds and the miscellaneous crop has done splendidly. His two-course system does not admit of growing clover, for which he says he cannot afford the room. Having no grass, he feeds his cows as far as possible with mangolds, and, when these run out, "joists" them—that is, lets them out to keep. The word "joist" is dialectic, but was used by Arthur Young—"the common price of joisting a horse is from one shilling and sixpence a week on clover." It comes from "agist," which Murray interprets as meaning "To take in live stock to remain and feed at a certain rate." Originally it meant to admit cattle for a definite time into a forest. Like almost every other tenant of land exclusively arable, this tenant recognises how useful it would be to have a grass run for his animals, something that would, in fact, be a substitute for the waste or common on which his ancestors had right of pasture. It may be added that on this soil deep ploughing involves no turning up of a sour sub-soil. He ploughs from ten to twelve inches for roots and four or five inches for grain.

The other tenant at this place exemplifies the manner in which small holding may be combined with some other occupation. He does railway work in two shifts of four hours each and cultivates his allotment in the spare hours—a useful suggestion for those who are similarly placed.

From Terrington we pursued our way southwards through the Smeeth. The district now is being developed for fruit farming, but in former times it was a famous sheep common, and is thus shown in Dugdale's map of the district. Dugdale's date was from about 1640 to 1683 and it may be interesting to quote what he has to say of the Smeeth:

"This Country on the East is bounded by the stream of Ouse; on the West with Wisbeche River; on the North with the sea-bank; and on the South with the new Po-dike, and containeth no less than thirty thousand acres, whereof part is a famous plain, called the Smeeth; which being common to all the Townes therein, maintaineth at least thirty thousand sheep and yet is not of a larger extent, in the widest part of it, than two English miles. Of this



DUGDALE'S MAP SHOWING THE SMEETH AND THE SURROUNDING DISTRICT AS THEY WERE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

plain I may not omit a tradition, which the common people thereabouts have; viz., that in old time the Inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had a fierce contest with one Hickifric (the then owner of it) touching the bounds thereof, which grew so hot, that at length it came to blows; and that Hickifric being a person of extraordinary stature and courage, took an axeltree from a cart instead of a sword, and the wheel for his buckler; and being so armed, most stoutly repelled those bold invaders; for further testimony of which notable exploit, they to this day shew a large gravestone, near the east end of the Chancel, in Tilney churchyard, whereupon the form of a cross is so cut as that the upper part thereof, by reason of the flourishes (wherewith the carver hath adorned it) sheweth to be somewhat circular, which they will therefore needs have to be the wheel and the shaft the axeltree."

Another passage in Dugdale shows how careful the seventeenth century farmer was of his bank and dyke: "It is observed, that within the compasse of this Province, there is neither mole nor rat; and that such hath been the care of the Inhabitants, for prevention of mischief, which might happen by any breach of the publick sea-bank that they have environed every town with a particular bank, called the Indike, or Ward-dike, which, upon any such inundation, doth secure it from danger." To-day many fruit trees are growing on the ancient Smeeth, but the Smeeth road still tells where it lay.



THE ESTATE MAP OF NORDELPH SHOWING HOW THE LAND IS DIVIDED INTO HOLDINGS.

Nordelph is a hamlet of Outwell. The name is equivalent to North Dyke, delph being practically the same word as delve, once commonly used for dig. Chapel Farm of 91 acres was purchased in 1904 for £4,100; Birchfield Farm, 205 acres, in 1908, for £8,000, and the 18 acres, in 1912, for £925. Now the land is divided among sixty-three tenants, who are doing uncommonly well on it. They seemed to be all engaged on the same task of stacking their fine cereal crops, for here, as elsewhere in Norfolk, the small-holder depends mainly on the usual crops. On the silt attention is being turned to fruit growing, but it stops at the skirt and there is none on the black. Here it is that the patriarch lives to whom reference was made in the preceding article. Dr. Russell got into an interesting conversation about the changes which he had witnessed. The man remembered the days of the old wind pumps. They would not act when the wind fell and so floods were produced—floods that spoiled the ground for crops. But with the introduction of steam pumping there has been a great improvement. Land is now dry and fertile. The land used to be clayed occasionally, but never chalked or limed. Super has been used for the last sixty years at the rate usually of ten hundredweights to the acre, and for potatoes from twelve to fourteen tons of farmyard manure are used to the acre. Mangolds and potatoes were excellent crops. The buyer's way of estimating a potato yield in the Fen country is to pull up an average root and reckon that for every good ware tuber on it there will be a ton to the acre. Judged so—and remember this is a buyer's test—the return will be from twelve to fourteen tons. The wheat and oats were first class, and it is no wonder that the tenants were buoyant and happy. Their farming is very simple with its two-course shift: potatoes, wheat; potatoes, oats or barley; manure used for the roots, but not for the grain.

It emphasises my previous remark that the Norfolk small holdings are really miniature farms where the little men copy the methods of the great. One contributory cause of success is, of course, that the men are doing what they have been taught to do from childhood. What they used to plant and sow for employers they now plant and sow for themselves. If they have been brought up in the famous bullock-rearing districts it comes natural to them to buy a store and fatten it. They succeed partly because the experience of generations has shown what form of agriculture is best suited to the soil and climate, but still more because they are doing accustomed work at which they have become expert. But one consequence of their success is that they threaten to cease being small and to become large holders of land. The greater the prosperity the keener grows the land hunger. And in that lies a certain danger. Nearly every man admitted that he was making money, but he was equally emphatic on the oppressiveness of the labour. At present his coat is off, and he works harder than he did in his worst servitude, but he hopes for a time when he will be more of a looker on. He does not altogether realise that it is just because he gives himself so whole-heartedly to the labour of the farm, and gets his family to work too, he has an advantage as against the comparatively rich rival whose hands are unstained with work and who, instead of enlisting the services of his boys and girls, sends them to expensive schools and at great cost trains them for professions.

The estate map of Nordelph reproduced to accompany this article will give an idea of the way in which the land is divided. It should be noted, however, that the number of holdings does not exactly correspond with the number of holders. One man frequently rents more than one plot. The reason is that everyone whose land is wholly arable is anxious to obtain a little grass on which to run his stock. In other cases relatives have taken over the land of men gone to the war and are keeping it in cultivation till they return.

In regard to the acquisition of land for small holdings, Dr. Russell recognises a principle with which I fully agree. That is, that it is always better to acquire the whole of a large farm than to cut a slice from it. Naturally the men want only the part of a farm that is most suitable for their purpose; but this gives the farmer cause to grumble that they have "plucked the eyes" out of his land, whereas, if the whole be taken, no heartburnings of the kind follow. And those who have this work in hand should at all times remember that their duty to the nation requires that nothing shall be done to lessen the total production of food.

On leaving Nordelph we went on to Denver Sluice Farm and thence to Downham Market, where we stopped to lunch. In the afternoon we went by Hilgay Southery Farm, and when we came to Feltwill turned northwards so as to have a glance at the Methwold reclamation, which is in a very satisfactory condition, then on to Dereham, whence by train to Norwich, which became a starting point for two more tours. Of these I will write in a concluding article.

P. A. G.

HUNTING IS GOING ON!



THE QUORN AT WANLIP: OVER BARBED WIRE!

THE coverts are heavy in leaf, the oaks will be weeks before they shed their crinkling, slowly curling leaves, the ridge and furrow, the pastures and the spreading sturdy growth of the root tops are bathed in the heavy autumn dew, and the cobwebs glisten wet along the hedgerows in the pale sun of this cubbing morning. It is the visible sign that we are on the threshold of another hunting season. The prologue is being enacted. Ever since the last bye-day in March the lover of horse and hound has been haunted with a dread that he and his love might at last be divorced. War, ever exerting a steadily gaining pressure, was going to squeeze and end the long unbroken history of cherished tradition. The overrunning of the basin of the Somme, the enemy's perilous approach nearer and nearer to Paris, the drain on our resources in light horses, and the contribution to the glorious roll of honour made by those who had proved their courage and fearlessness in the hunting fields of our homeland—these sinister things had threatened horse and hound and fox.

Yet we are surely going hunting again. Do not our pictures to-day tell of the still unbroken history? For they are true glimpses of the new 1918–19 season, and they speak and tell us of indomitable will to overcome discouragement. They show that we are winning, and that the fox is not to be allowed to multiply so that his existence may be threatened by the man with a gun. The fox must live to die in the old-fashioned way, hunted and chased and worried to the end of his time. It is good and comforting to know this, for it means so much to our countryside. It means the preservation of a grand old national institution which has helped to make men brave so that they have fought and died for their country. It has maintained and improved our incomparable breed of light horses which owe their existence in a greater or lesser degree to the thoroughbred, the pride of the world. The Army has had to "clean up" our riding horses so that they may assist in the greater adventure. They have paid for them in vast numbers and they have been indispensable to our mounted troops and highly placed officers. But for hunting and our



THE QUORN DRAWING A POTATO FIELD.

hunting traditions they would never have existed. So now we may be sure there is greater need than ever that those who can remain to hunt—the too-old to-fight and the gallant ladies who ride so straight and well—shall take up the four year olds which are the new generation of hunters, and harden and season them for the time when the Army may call for them as five year olds. If the call comes, the continuance of hunting, whether in the shires, in the vale countries, or on the uplands and downlands, will guarantee the flow to France.

Let us, therefore, hail with unaffected joy and deep satisfaction the evidence we offer to-day that the cheering and rating of huntsman and the perfect music of the exuberant young entry are being heard in the land again. Surely the glimpses into Leicestershire which we give must thrill those who once wavered in their faith in the future of hunting. If a cub should be lurking in the friendly cover and shadows of the potatoes, he will of a certainty be made to declare himself. And then, perchance, he will sneak away to the nearest cover, passing under that barbed wire which is too foreign to Leicestershire to be regarded as anything more than the pernicious product of the war, like the spreading of thorn and bramble in the untrimmed and untended hedgerows. There will be diminished fields, even compared with a year or two ago, the "carrying on" will not be easily done, and the foraging of horse and the necessary subsistence of hound will not be trifling incidents as in days gone by, but—hunting is going on! It is undefeated still, and after the war it will share in the wonderful reaction which is awaiting racing. Why? Because the riding horse is concerned and with it our Englishman's love of his horse and the glories of the woods and fields and the pulsating thrills of sport in and among them.

IN THE GARDEN

THE MENACE OF SILVER LEAF IN FRUIT TREES.

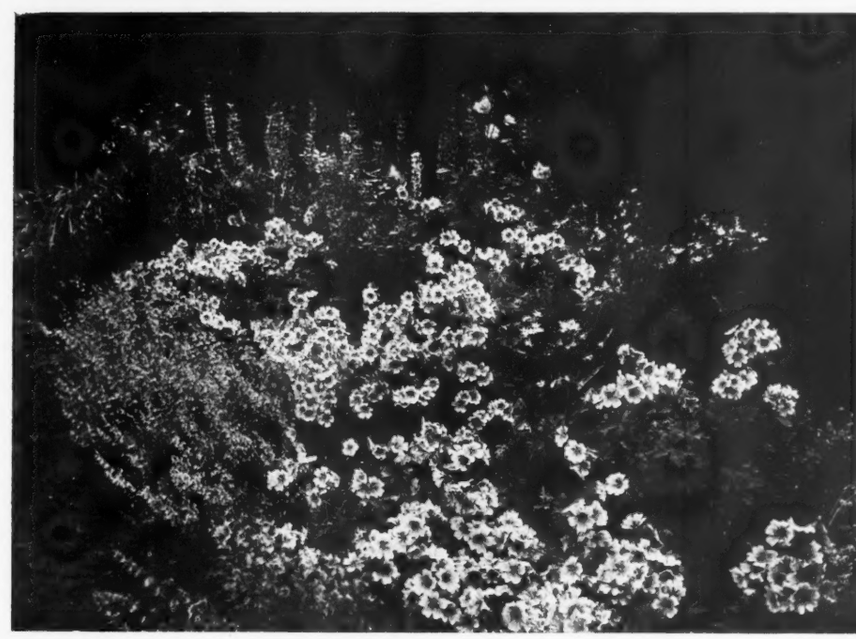
THE spread of silver leaf disease among fruit trees is causing alarm in many counties, and especially in the important Plum-growing districts. The presence of the disease is readily detected by the silvery hue upon the foliage, followed by dead and dying branches, until eventually the whole tree dies. The disease is rampant in old and neglected orchards, and there are scores of gardens in the country containing trees that are dead or dying with this disease. Such trees are a source of infection for others in the neighbourhood, but, unfortunately, these cases are not dealt with as they should be. Affected trees are often allowed to linger for years—a veritable hotbed of disease for miles around. The Board of Agriculture has just issued another pamphlet on the subject, in which we are told that silver leaf has in some localities become almost a scourge. We are afraid that it will remain a scourge unless drastic measures are taken to assure the owners of diseased trees of the dangers to which they are exposing the fruit trees of their neighbours.

At present there is no known spray or wash that will cure this fungus disease, and in consequence it spreads relentlessly, causing much havoc among fruit trees, especially Plums. In some districts the Victoria Plum is threatened with extinction unless drastic measures are taken to check silver leaf. The disease is also common among Portugal Laurels, Peaches, Nectarines (both under glass and in the open), Cherries and Almonds. Occasionally it occurs in Apple trees, instances of which were recently brought to the notice of the Fruit and Vegetable Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society. If a tree is badly affected, the only thing to be done is to grub it up promptly and burn it; the stumps on which the fungus can fructify should not be left in the ground. All tools should be thoroughly cleaned immediately after use, to prevent, as far as possible, the infection of healthy trees when the tools are used on them. The fungus fructifies chiefly in the autumn, and the longer dead wood bearing the fungus is allowed to remain the greater is the risk of infection. According to the instructions just issued by the Board of Agriculture, it is possible to prevent the spread of the disease by promptly cutting out silvered branches and by rigorously removing all dead trees or trees which have begun to die back. No other treatment can as yet be advised. It should, however, be borne in mind that the mycelium of the fungus occurs in the tissues of the wood considerably further down the branch than the level at which the silvered leaves appear. Affected branches should therefore be cut back to a point where no brown stain in the wood can be found. All wounds made by severing branches should be pared over and covered with Stockholm tar.

However much time and trouble one man may take to eradicate this disease, his work avails little so long as his neighbours' trees are neglected. The success of the remedial measures depends upon the co-operation of all fruit-growers. In view of the menace which silver leaf has assumed, it is earnestly hoped that an active campaign against it will be maintained in all parts of the country, otherwise we fear that the day is not far distant when the Government inspector will carry an axe and fell offending trees at the expense of their owners. H. C.

GERANIUM IBERICUM PLATYPHYLLUM.

This is the best form of this fine Cranesbill; the great purple flowers, 2ins. across, are plentifully borne on branched, leafy stems; the top of each division bearing about six flowers, of which three are open at the same time. The rich effect of the individual bloom is increased by its being veined all over with fine lines of black, reminding one of the veining of a butterfly's wing, or of the flower of Salpiglossis. It is one of the best plants for the June border with bushes of Olearia stellulata and Flag Irises of white, and white and purple colouring.



GERANIUM IBERICUM PLATYPHYLLUM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Destroying Pond Weeds.

Sir,—We have here a lake which is getting rapidly overgrown with American and other weeds, which we wish to get rid of in the quickest and cheapest way, without, if this be possible, killing the fish. I am told that an account of such a weed-killer was published in your paper some three or four years ago, and should be extremely obliged if you will be good enough to give me particulars of it, or of other reliable means of killing the weed, or refer me to the right source of information.—G. V. Wellington.

[The most satisfactory way of getting rid of the pond weed, popularly known as flannel weed, is by the use of copper sulphate. Highly poisonous in its action, one part to 1,000,000 parts of water is sufficient to kill this weed, but one part in 750,000 parts of water causes no injury to fish or even water lilies. It has been proved that gold fish and minnows live indefinitely in a concentration of one part to 200,000 parts, whereas some of the coarser fish will stand a one in 50,000 concentration, but certain delicate kinds are killed in a one to 500,000 concentration. A calculation must be made of the holding capacity of the lake. The water may be taken at about sixty-two and one-third pounds to the cubic foot, and the copper sulphate used in proportion. It is a little trouble, but we know of many ponds and lakes containing fish that have been cleared of flannel weed by this means without injury to the fish. The chemical may be applied to the water either dissolved in a little water and sprayed over the surface of the lake, or tied in a canvas bag and drawn through the water from a boat until dissolved. Two applications a year may be expected to keep the water clean. Duckweed may be cleared by skimming it off. To kill duckweed by copper sulphate would probably mean killing the fish as well. To skim off duckweed cover fine meshed wire-netting with canvas and attach it to a long pole. The wire-netting should be fastened to a ring of stout wire.—Ed.]

COVNTRY HOMES GARDENS OLD & NEW

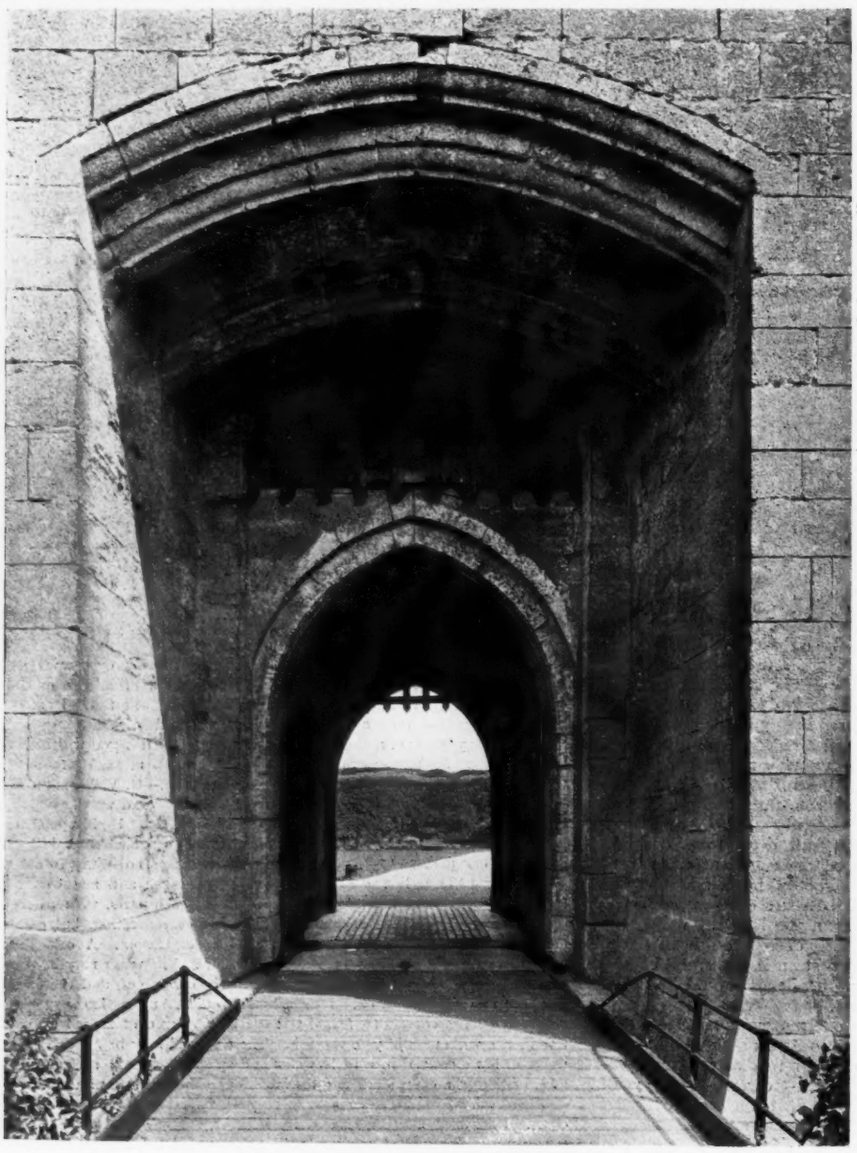
CALDICOT CASTLE—I.

MONMOUTHSHIRE,

THE PROPERTY OF

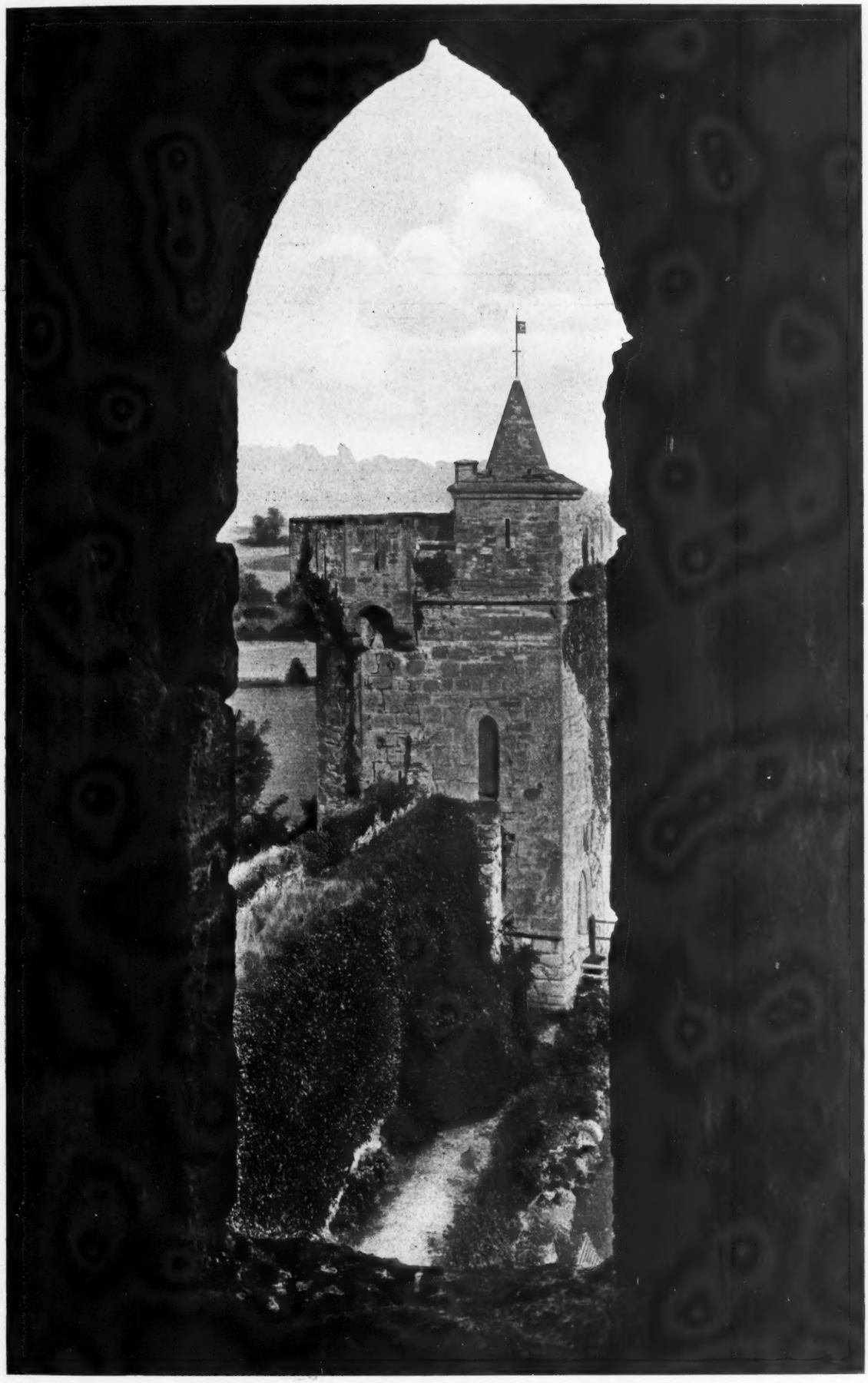
MR. WHEATLY COBB.

THE massive walls and towers of Caldicot Castle cover a space of some 350ft. by 250ft. with their splendid masonry, and there are abundant signs of finished workmanship and clever sculpture once decorating spacious hall and stately solar. Yet there is no positive record of how or when one stone came to be set on another. Nor is there evidence that any of its mediæval lords made it a chief residence. History shows us the moments when they may have found it well to be there; but it does not mention their presence. Architecture teaches us the periods when the fabric arose, was extended, was altered; but only thus can we conjecture under whose ownership the various portions took shape. Only, therefore, by circumstantial evidence, laboriously gathered and used with judgment, has it been possible for the annalists and antiquarians of Morganwg to give to Caldicot its proper place in the distressful story of their land. From Norman to Tudor, the Marches of Wales were a scene of ever recurrent fighting: if there was nothing national, as between English and Welsh; or dynastic, as between one or another claimant for the throne; or civil, as between King and barons, well, then, was it not a nice, convenient time for settling a blood feud or a land claim between private neighbours? Security being wanting to life and property, defence was a first necessity, and the basis of domestic architecture was fortification. Along the whole borderland castle and castalet rose grim from the water or frowned down from the crag.



Copyright. 1.—ENTRANCE WITH DRAWBRIDGE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

The district by Severn Sea, of which Caldicot forms part, was considered sufficiently held by the Saxons for Earl Harold to decide on building a house for King Eadward, shortly before the latter's death in January, 1066, at Portskewet, which then, as afterwards, was a chief landing place from England into South Wales. But Harold underestimated the strength of the Welsh opposition to his administrative and domiciliary footing on their shore. The dispossessed Caradoc ap Gruffydd led a successful raid, and, coming "suddenly on the unfinished building, he slew nearly all the workmen, and carried off all the good things which had been provided for them and for the King." A year later Senlac was fought and the victorious Normans had sounder and more determined views as to holding conquered territory. In 1070 William Fitz Osbern, Earl of Hereford, overthrew Meredydd ap Owen on the banks of the Rumney, a victory which, as Edward Freeman tells us in his "Norman Conquest," was the beginning "of that great Norman Settlement in South Wales which was a few years later to make Morganwg, above almost every other part of the Isle of Britain, a land of Norman Knights and Norman Castles." Although afterwards remodelled as a great Edwardian hall, the shell of the Norman keep at Chepstow remains to show us how the Normans held the land; for, although the chief, Chepstow is only one of thirty castles of which there is remnant or record in



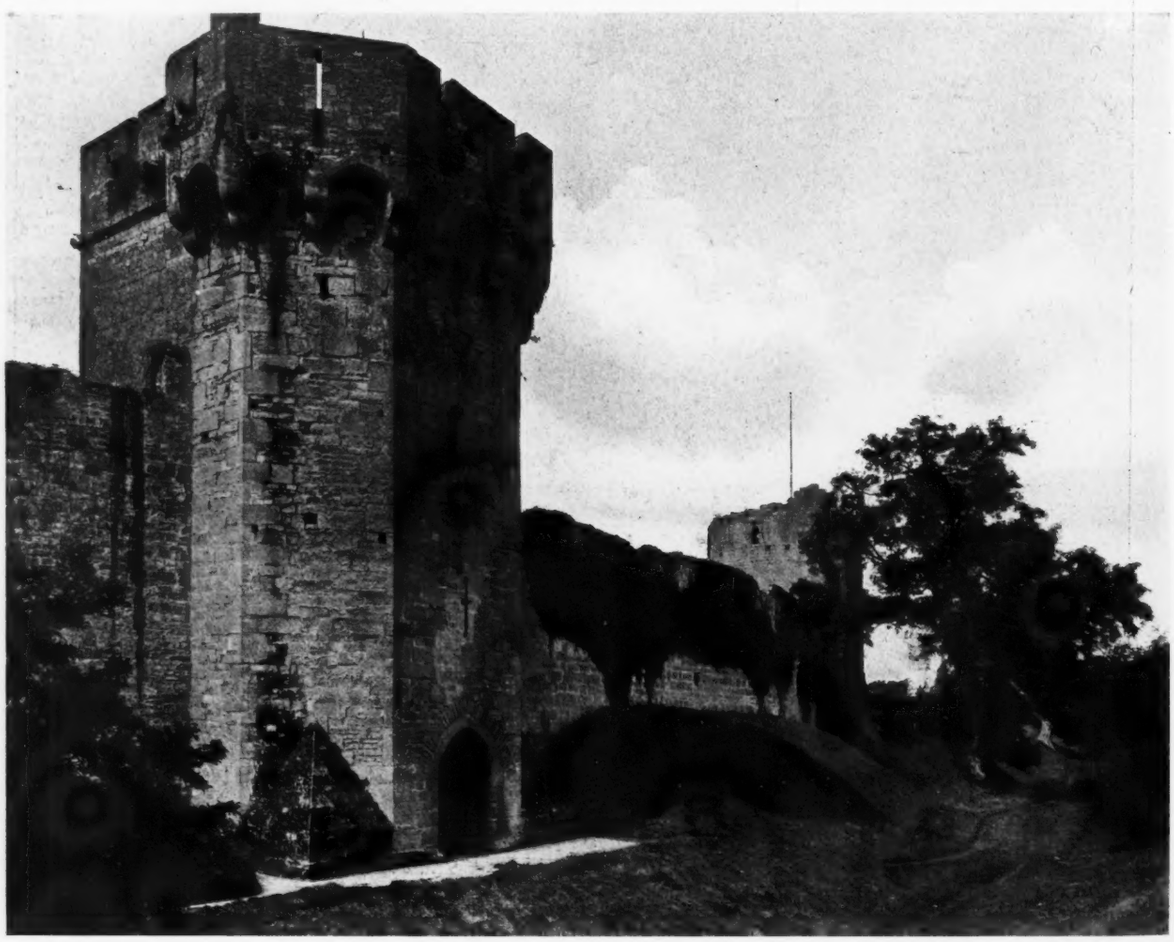
Copyright. 2.—THE WOODSTOCK TOWER THROUGH THE LANCET WINDOW OF THE KEEP. "C.L."



Copyright. 3.—THE KEEP STANDING AT THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE CASTLE. "C.L."

Monmouthshire. At Chepstow alone in the county does a square keep of the Norman period survive, for elsewhere the Norman builders could not work so massively. The knights, whose reward for successful invasion was the gift of fiefs in South Wales, did their best to erect some place of strength upon them, but often insufficient to withstand a Welsh assault; so that in 1094 the natives drove the intruders out of most of their castles and William Rufus had to come in person to restore order and see to the construction of sturdier bulwarks for the future.

Nine years earlier the Domesday Surveyors had found that "Durand the Sheriff holds of the King one land in Carwent called Caldicot." Both Durand and his brother Roger had taken part in the conquest of the West and were not only soldiers but also administrators, being Sheriffs of Gloucestershire. Roger only had a son, and thus in Henry I's time it was Walter Fitz Roger who held the offices and the lands of both father and uncle. He was Sheriff of the County and Constable of the Castle of Gloucester, which he is said to have built, and in a paper read to the Caerleon antiquaries at



Copyright. 4.—THE WOODSTOCK TOWER FROM THE CASTLE DITCH. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 5.—THE GATEHOUSE AND SOUTH-EAST TOWER. "COUNTRY LIFE."

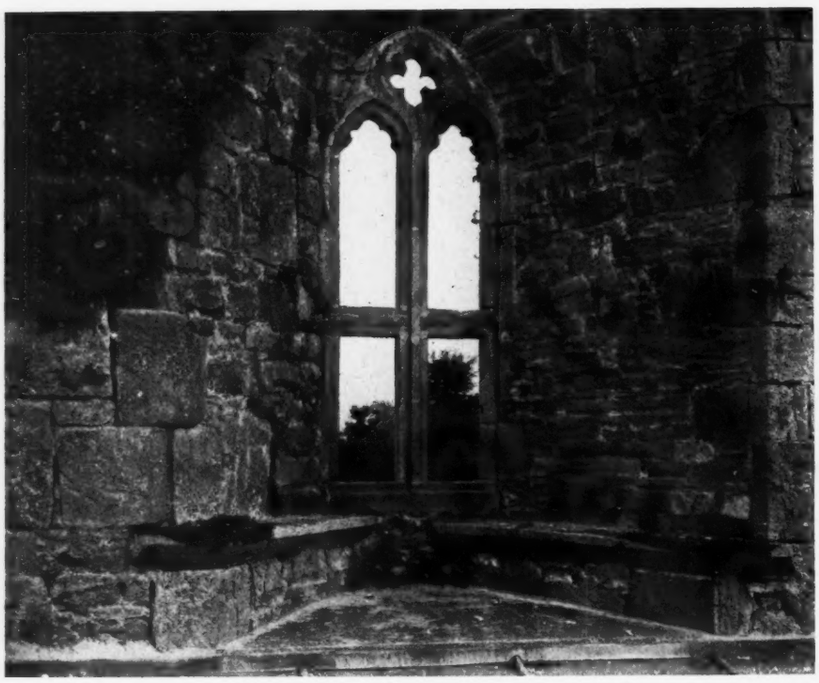
Caldicot in 1853 Thomas Wakeman suggested that "having built his castle at Gloucester, he had time to attend to his estate here, and perhaps employed the same workmen to build this castle as he had that." That is possible, but not that "the building he erected consisted in all probability of the keep tower," because that has none of the features of Norman building and must date from more than half a century later. There are, however, embedded in its walling some fragments which betray a Norman origin, so that it is quite possible that Walter, or even his uncle Durand, chose this position surrounded by marsh and near to the Portskewet passage to erect thereon a castalet for the protection of those who administered and secured the estate which stretched right up into the forest hill land where the settlement of Shire Newton was formed.

Walter was much in favour with Henry I, and from him obtained the Constableship of England which his descendants so long held. In 1129 he was succeeded by his son Miles, who carried the family fortunes still further. By his marriage with the daughter of the conqueror of Brecknock he got large possessions there, and being confirmed by King Stephen in all his honours and estates, "he ruled the whole Welsh border from the Severn to the Sea." This confirmation by Stephen was in 1136, when Robert, son of Henry I by Nesta of Wales, Earl of Gloucester and Lord of Glamorgan, took a conditional oath of allegiance to that king. Miles seems throughout to have acted with Robert, who renounced fealty in 1138 and became the leading adherent of his half-sister, the Empress Maud.

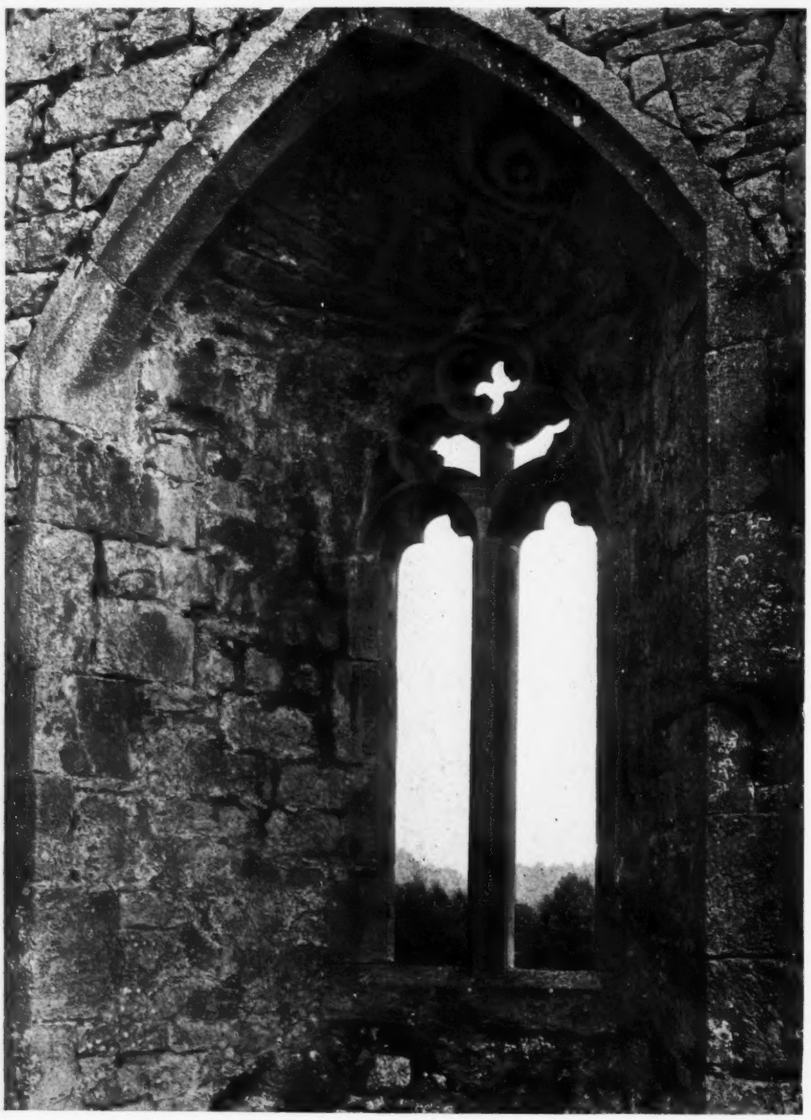
In 1141 he defeated and captured Stephen at Lincoln, and so prominent a part did Miles take under him that Maud conferred on him the Earldom of Hereford, because, as the charter declares, Lincoln had been won *auxilio fratris mei et ipsius Milonis*. Eight months after Lincoln was won



Copyright. 6.—THE EAST SIDE OF THE KEEP. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 7.—SEATS IN A DEEP WINDOW RECESS. "COUNTRY LIFE."



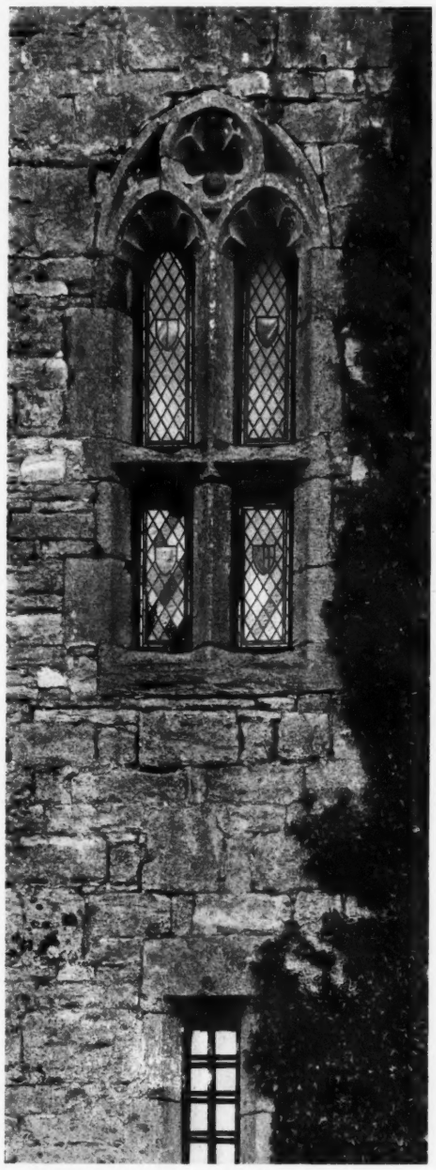
Copyright. 8.—INTERIOR VIEW OF AN EDWARDIAN WINDOW. "C.L."

Winchester was lost. Robert was captured and could only regain his liberty by being exchanged for Stephen. Maud got away and so did Miles, reaching Gloucester "exhausted, alone and with scarcely a rag to his back." Gloucester now became the Capital of the West, which supported Maud until Robert's death and her withdrawal to Normandy in 1145. Two years before that Earl Miles was "killed while hunting by an arrow shot at a deer," probably in the Forest of Dean, near Flaxley, where his son founded the Abbey of which important portions remain incorporated in the present house. As he left five sons a long descent in the male line seemed secure. But the eldest died a monk of Gloucester in 1155, three others met with violent deaths, while the last one, Walter, appears to have lived to see the accession of Richard I, but then, like his brothers, passed away leaving no issue, so that his three sisters or their children became coheirs.

Humphrey "with the beard," lord of the "honour of Bohon in the Cotentin," came over with the Conquest and obtained large English estates. It was his grandson, the third Humphrey de Bohun, who married Earl Miles's eldest daughter Margaret. He was a considerable person, changing sides in the Stephen-Maud struggle, and afterwards resolutely supporting Henry II against his sons. If his brother-in-law Walter saw Richard on the throne, Humphrey can never have owned Caldicot, as he died in 1187. It was his grandson Henry who will have gathered Margaret's inheritance, which included the Castle and half the lands of Caldicot, and carried with it a strong claim to the Hereford Earldom and the Royal Constableship which were conferred on him in 1199. But Octavius Morgan (whose architectural paper on Caldicot was read at the same time as Thomas Wakeman's historical notes), while brushing aside his coadjutor's attribution of the keep to Walter Fitz Roger, sets down "its construction to Humphrey de Bohun, who married Margaret, daughter and ultimate heiress of Milo Fitzwalter, and through her acquired the title of Earl of Hereford, the office of Constable of England, and the Lordship of Caldicot, to which he succeeded about the year 1176, and which he continued to possess till the time of his death in 1187." It is a small matter, for if we attribute the keep to Henry de Bohun, it still brings the date within the twelfth century and to the time when Bishop Pudsey was still using the Norman style for his fine halls at Durham Castle, while the Caldicot keep exhibits the pointed arch and the round plan of tower building which was superseding the square keep and the round arch. Yet the forms of the outgoing style are not altogether wanting. It is entered

on the east side (Fig. 6) through a pointed doorway, but immediately to the left as you enter is a round-headed doorway giving on to a stairway contrived in the wall thickness and descending to a basement floor. Several other round-headed doorways are to be found about the keep, the heads in one or two cases so narrow that, to obtain width, the jambs are set back with a splay at the top, which thus assumes a trefoil shape. This may mean a re-use of older material and that the Bohun keep replaced a smaller stone fortalice erected, as already suggested, by Sheriff Durand or Constable Walter.

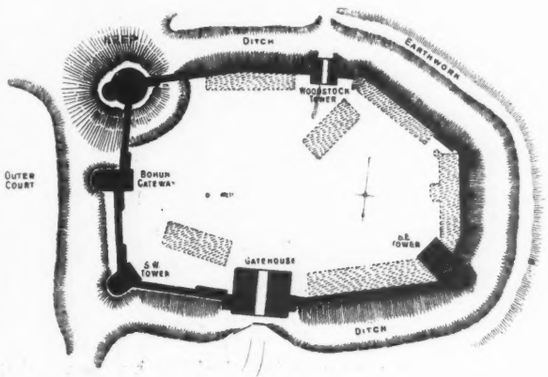
The keep, built of an admirable local stone nobly fashioned, is set upon a rock base, but against its foundation walls earth was banked up so that it seems to stand upon a grassy mound. Higher even than the top of the mound is the entrance doorway, which, like later Northern peel towers, was reached by a movable ladder or set of wooden steps. We therefore enter on the middle floor, and not only is there a lofty room beneath, but below that again a dungeon occupying the base of the excrescence or secondary tower that juts out westward from the keep (Fig. 3). It gives the impression of a staircase tower, but is really a mass of masonry, solid except for the dungeon, deep set in the mound, and for a vaulted alcove level with the original parapet of the keep. Was it an early and elaborate *camouflage?* Had it contained a newel stair, the walls would be of such moderate thickness as to induce an attacking party ignorant of its real solidity to direct his engines of offence against it. The real newel stair is in the wall thickness to the right of the entrance door and leads to the upper room. Both upper and lower rooms had hooded fireplaces of the type found in late twelfth century castles, but the lower room is lit only by loops at the end of its four splayed recesses, one of which contains a well 40ft. deep. "The upper room," says Mr. Cobb, "is less gloomy, having, besides two loops, two small windows, each with a loop below it which could be used for the discharge of missiles when it was not safe to keep the windows open. The recess of one of these windows forms a little oratory, with a priest's seat (Fig. 10) on one side and an altar on the other, and from it a passage in the wall leads to a doorway which originally gave access to a little wooden penthouse projecting from the side of the tower." That doorway and another higher up show clearly in the illustration (Fig. 3). The corbels and wall holes for the beams that supported the *garderobe* may be seen beneath the lower doorway. A set of holes higher up marks the places where other beams came through the walls. This must have been to support a wooden gallery or *bretesche* strutted up above the stone crenellation, and probably even forming part of a complete additional floor, composed of timber and covered in with a conical roof. Only thus can be explained the rise of the eastern newel stair a storey above the original crenellation, while the western excrescence shows no mode of access to its higher crenellated platform, except across a floor from the east stair. Thus the early wooden tower on a mound, such as we see the Normans using in the Bayeux Tapestry, was not entirely discarded, but was raised up on to the top of the stone structure introduced to add to the defensive powers of the fortress. Later on this wooden superstructure was replaced by one of stone, "the height of the new room being that of the old parapet which was thickened to form a rampart. The new roof was a leaden one, fragments of which still remain." The later crenellation has disappeared, but the thickening of the wall remains on the east side of the keep (Fig. 6), where an Edwardian Bohun inserted a lancet window (Fig. 2) level with the old battlement, to give



9.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF AN EDWARDIAN WINDOW.



10.—THE PRIEST'S SEAT IN THE KEEP.



11.—GROUND PLAN OF CALDICOT CASTLE.

additional light to the added room. It raked the whole northern curtain wall, in the middle of which the tower shown in the illustration was built in the time of Richard II, after the extinction of the male line of Bohun.

The keep appears to have been built independently of the curtain walls, for both its mound and its string-course are continuous, the curtain wall merely butting up against them and, indeed, obscuring one of the loops. The same may be said of the south-west and south-east towers and the Bohun gateway (see plan, Fig. 11) all of which must be contemporaneous with or closely following the keep. Whether they were at first connected by mere wooden bulwarks enclosing the bailey cannot now be proved, for stone curtain walls cannot have been long delayed and (though there were later alterations or rebuilding of parts) probably formed a complete circuit early in the thirteenth century. That was a period when the Bohuns played a prominent part in our constitutional history. Henry de Bohun, who inherited Caldicot from his grandmother, and through this descent became Earl of Hereford and Constable of England, lived through the troublous days of King John and was prominent among the barons who won Magna Charta in 1215. Succeeding him in 1220, his son, the fifth Humphrey and second Earl of Hereford, continued to strive for our liberties for over half a century and earned the title of the Good Earl. Through his mother the Earldom of Essex and the castle of Pleshey came to him. But he retained his interests in the west, and while he fought in Wales in 1244-45, Caldicot may often have seen him and been strengthened and extended through his orders. Architectural evidence, however, points to his grandson or great-grandson as the author of some of Caldicot's finest remains, for windows are illustrated (Figs. 7, 8, 9) that find their counterpart at Carnarvon, begun by Edward I in 1282, but still in an unfinished state when he died a quarter of a century later. When it was begun the third Bohun Earl of Hereford had succeeded his grandfather and was present as Constable with Edward in his North Wales campaigns. But, like his predecessors, he was keen to scent out and oppose any increase or unwarrantable exercise of the royal power. His instinct, indeed, was in favour of baronial licence. To his friend, Roger Bigod, fifth Earl of Norfolk, had come, through his grandmother, the office of Marshal and the Lordship of Chepstow. The two neighbours had claims against Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, over the Brecknock inheritance that broke out into open feud in 1289. But Edward had no intention of allowing any return to that worst feature of feudalism—private warfare. The Earls received peremptory orders to keep the peace, and in 1291 found themselves in temporary durance, and placed *in misericordia regis* for large sums. Bigod as well as Bohun had his chief home in the east of England. But the dispute with Clare will have given importance to their Monmouthshire castles and estates. Thus Hugh Bigod, who had already completed the rebuilding of Tintern Abbey, where the monks first celebrated mass at the high altar in 1288, transformed Chepstow from little more than a Norman keep into an extensive and elaborate Edwardian castle. There, both in the altered keep and in large sections of the lower bailey, we find windows of the same type as those that grace the curtain wall of Caldicot, east of the later gate-house (Fig. 5). The desire of its mediæval owners to use the Caldicot stone grandly is nowhere more apparent than in these Edwardian windows. There is a massiveness of section and a vigour of design and handling seldom reached elsewhere, while the quality of the stone has enabled them to withstand the buffets of time and neglect. Age has merely mellowed the contours and freckled the weathered surface with sympathetic lichen. So much the illustrations fully show, and the further relation of the Castle's annals must be deferred till next week.

H. Avray Tipping.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S WELSH TERRIER



CYMRO.

Cymro is a wire-haired Welsh terrier, a dog with a long pedigree and a beautiful bluish-grey coat. His station in life is perhaps the most enviable that a Welsh terrier could occupy, since he is the property of Britain's Welsh Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George, who is a great dog lover, has had him for about two years, and Cymro himself is the successor of another dog of the same breed who went a-hunting on his own account and never returned.

LITERATURE

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Landmarks in French Literature, by G. L. Strachey. (Home University Library, Williams and Norgate.)

IN dealing with national literatures there is a modern tendency either to construct a huge Blue Book giving the fruits of patient research into archives, origins and facts, or, as one might say, into the drawers and pigeon-holes of Dr. Dryasdust, or to produce summaries and analyses. One method yields a book; oftener a library of reference, the other a compendium for those who have to face an examination. Usually the thorough investigator is so thoroughly concentrated on the haul for documents that he has no time or energy to spare for enjoying literature. He is, like the collector, skilled in binding, print, paper and first editions, but careless as to the inside of the book. So long as it is rare and marketable, what matter whether it enshrine the outpourings of a rare spirit or be an obscure treatise on an obscurer theme? The maker of literary handbooks is scarcely more alive to the real value. He must perforce add a touch of criticism, but he is an adept at distilling it from the opinions of those who have travelled this way before him. Either method may have its use, but it is not for him who reads for the delight and refreshment his mind receives from fine literature.

Mr. Lytton's survey of French literature is neither a Blue Book nor a manual. He is as one who has made a long journey on the path which leads from the Song of Roland to the day of Maupassant and Verlaine, and, omitting the tiresome intervals, describes here those sunny or terrible landscapes which cling to his memory as landmarks. He begins with the most famous of the Chansons de Geste, productions which were the nearest akin to our Border Ballads, to which, indeed, his description of the Song of Roland might be almost literally applied.

> The beauty of the poem lies in the grand simplicity of its style. Without a trace of the delicacy and variety of a Homer, farther still from the consummate literary power of a Virgil or a Dante, the unknown minstrel who composed the *Chanson de Roland* possessed nevertheless a very real gift of art. He worked on a large scale with a bold confidence. Discarding absolutely the aids of ornament and the rhetorical elaboration of words, he has succeeded in evoking with an extraordinary, naked vividness the scenes of strife and heroism which he describes. At his best—in the lines of farewell between Roland and Oliver, and the well known account of Roland's death—he rises to a restrained and severe pathos which is truly sublime. This great work—bleak, bare, gaunt, majestic—stands out, to the readers of to-day, like some huge mass of ancient granite on the far horizon of the literature of France.

In French literature there is nothing later which corresponds to our ballad literature, probably for the reason that the state of society which gave it birth endured longer on the Border than elsewhere. While following Mr. Strachey we are often led to wonder how far the spirit of the age was responsible for the bard and how far the contrary was the case. For while giving the literary landmarks of France he also, though with the minimum of comment, touches on the spiritual landmarks. Even "Aucassin et Niolete" is but a relief to the sterner side of the age which produced Roland.

> The unknown author has created, in his light, clear verse and his still more graceful and poetical prose, a delicious atmosphere of delicate romance. It is "the tender eye-dawn of aurorean love" that he shows us—the happy, sweet, almost childish passion of two young creatures who move, in absolute innocence and beauty, through a wondrous world of their own.

At a later period of the Middle Ages he finds a similar counterpart to the history of Philippe de Commignes in the poetry of Villon. From an appreciation of the latter, which differs radically from that of "R. L. S.," who gave words to the ideas of a rather ill balanced school, the following may be quoted to show the spirit of the whole:

> One thought, however, perpetually haunts him; under all his music of laughter or of passion, it is easy to hear one dominating note. It is the thought of mortality. The whining, leering, brooding creature can never for a moment forget that awful Shadow. He sees it in all its aspects—as a subject for mockery, for penitence, for resignation, for despair. He sees it as the melancholy, inevitable end of all that is beautiful, all that is lovely on earth.
>
> "Dictes moi où, n'en quel pays
> Est Flora, la belle Rommaine;
> Archipiada, ne Thaïs"—
>
> and so through the rest of the splendid catalogue with its sad, unanswerable refrain—
>
> "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?"

It is difficult to refrain from the keen, penetrating, but always sympathetic accounts of the poets of the Pléiade, of Rabelais and Montaigne. On the oft-trod themes he writes with as vivid a freshness as could have been evoked by any new and undiscovered land. Even more striking is his discussion of Pascal, who "in sheer genius ranks among the greatest writers who have ever lived upon this earth." After describing the last years of his short life, when "he sank into a torpor of superstition—ascetic, self-mortified and wrapt in a strange exaltation like a mediæval monk," he ends with this striking passage:

> A profound inquietude did indeed devour him. He turned desperately from the pride of his intellect to the consolations of his religion. But even there——? Beneath him, as he sat or as he walked, a great gulf seemed to open darkly, into an impenetrable abyss. He looked upward into heaven, and the familiar horror faced him still.—"Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie!"

There are, as a matter of course, passages in the book to provoke argument. For example, his remarks on Versailles are not fully convincing; they almost strike one as the conventional idea very beautifully stated. It would, at any rate, be legitimate to argue that "A garden is a lovely place, God wot!" but there must have been something wrong with an age that conceived of making it so by such agencies as stone, glass and artificial fountains. The streams that flowed through Eden were natural! A profane mind is tempted to scoff at

> the surroundings among which the classical literature of France came into existence, and by which it was profoundly influenced in a multitude of ways.

For let himself describe them:

> Later, we might linger on the endless terrace, to watch the great monarch with his red heels and his golden snuff-box and his towering periwig, come out among his courtiers, or in some elaborate grotto applaud a ballet by Molière. When night fell there would be dancing and music in the gallery blazing with a thousand looking-glasses, or masquerades and feasting in the gardens, with the torches throwing strange shadows among the trees trimmed into artificial figures, and gay lords and proud ladies conversing together under the stars.

But in getting back to the writers of the period Mr. Strachey leaves argument behind. There is nothing better in the book than the passages dealing with such classics as Molière and La Fontaine. Only one who is a poet and artist himself could have written them. He is also splendidly in his element in dealing with Voltaire. He writes here with complete understanding alike of the merits and the limitations of the greatest literary Frenchman of the eighteenth century. The book practically ends with an eulogy of Gustave Flaubert, whom he considers the greatest writer of his age. But was he not rather a "made" writer? One who sought the right word with meticulous care and did not in the end make a choice as happy as that of one born with the instinct?

Here is another little point of difference. There is, however, no need to dwell on it—there must be such points in the work of a writer so original, decided and full of individuality as Mr. Strachey. Every reader of taste will find this discourse on French literature to be a treasure beyond price.

The Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett, by Compton Mackenzie. (Martin Secker, 6s.)

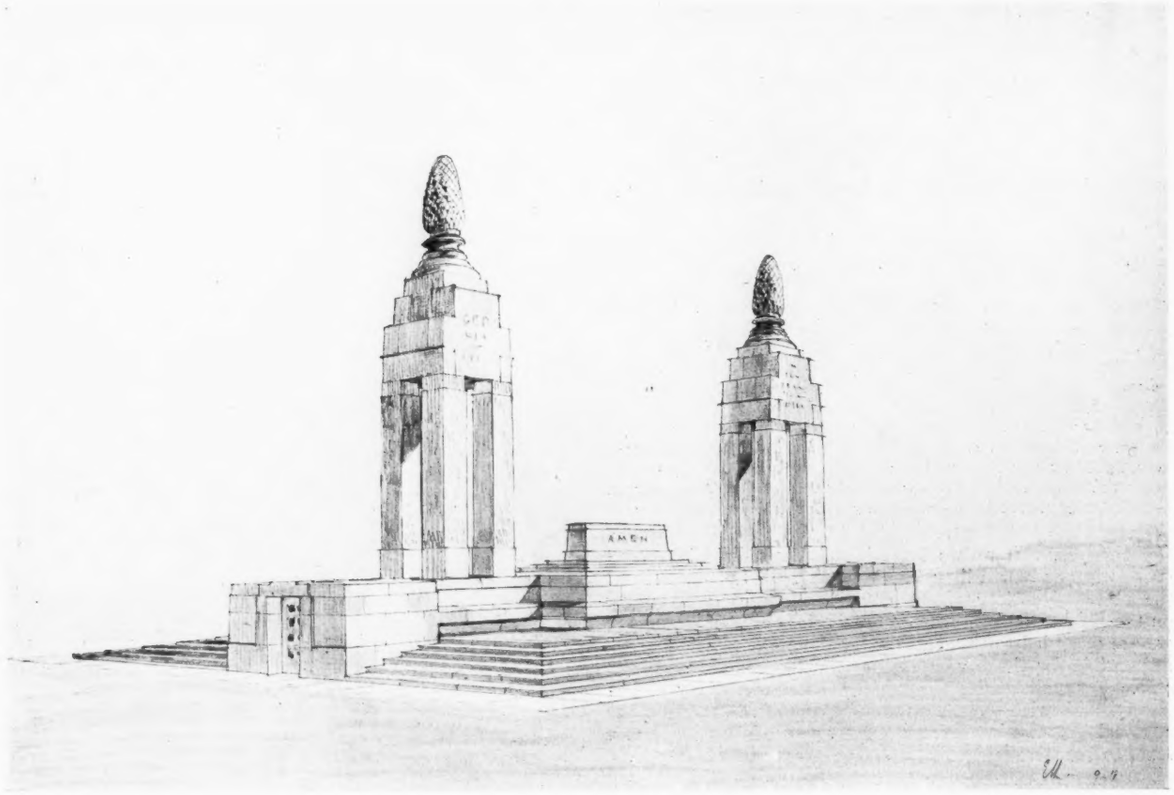
MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE exults in the minutiæ of circumstantial detail. In "Sinister Street," especially in the first volume, it gave the story a curiously attractive quality. That was because of our interest in Michael. Michael was real and, therefore, no small detail of his thoughts and doings came amiss. With Sylvia Scarlett the same formula, as it were, has been adhered to even more completely. The generation and early years of Sylvia, who was to become the friend of Lily Haden, and her subsequent adventures after her friend's marriage, are like nothing so much as the scenario of a cinematograph film, but that does not mean that they are not interesting; on the contrary, they are often of absorbing interest, but the interest has little to do with Sylvia. The *mise-en-scène*, one feels, would serve just as well for anyone else as for her. Unlike Michael or even Lily, and other of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's characters, Sylvia never seems to have first claim on the author's affection. What she does and where she goes, and the queer settings in which she moves, interest him far more than any growth or development of her own character. She is, in short, little more than a vehicle for exhibiting the knowledge, extensive and peculiar, of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Adventure succeeds adventure, London gives way to Paris, which, in its turn, gives place to Spain, Morocco and America. No phase of the half world is forgotten; it is all restless and feverish. But, for all that, the book is full of good things, not the least of which is a new note of "Alice in Wonderland" humour that peeps out here and there. It contains, too, many most engaging character sketches, and it is always pleasant to renew acquaintance with old friends such as Mrs. Gainsborough, who is easily the most skilfully drawn character in the book, and if it fails it is because as a whole it is incoordinate and leaves the reader a little bewildered. Judged by any other standard than that which Mr. Mackenzie has himself set, "Sylvia Scarlett" would be counted a notable contribution to realistic fiction.

THE PROPOSED TEMPORARY WAR SHRINE IN HYDE PARK

By Sir Martin Conway.

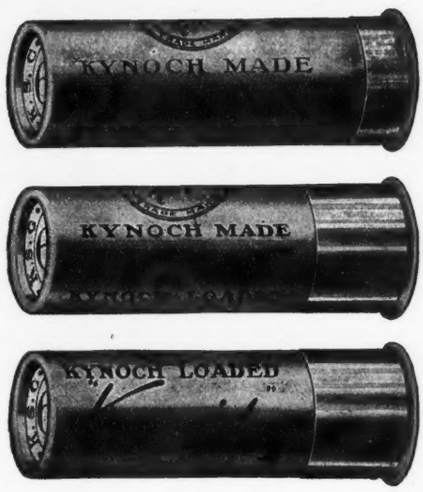
THE proposed erection of a temporary war-shrine in Hyde Park has called forth another of those amazing floods of letters in the daily Press which arise when any question of artistic interest attracts the momentary attention of the public. People rush into print criticising designs they have never seen and calling aloud for a committee. One would like to see a list of names of men better qualified to design a public monument than Sir Edwin Lutyens, or imagined as capable of giving him valuable hints. No committee of taste since the world began has been anything but an injury and a hindrance to artistic production. Even a committee of superior artists must by the nature of things be inferior to a single artist, and all of them together to any one of their members. But this said war-shrine is not merely, not even mainly, an artistic question. The first erection came into existence in response to a dimly declared public demand. It was no great thing in itself, but it was immediately found to respond to a public need. People high and low, even the very poor, came together and laid their pathetic offerings before it, their little bunches of flowers and what not in memory of the often obscure heroes whose sacrificed lives were thus honoured and kept in memory. It became evident to all who took the trouble to go and see that here was a need crying out for fulfilment, and the First Commissioner of Works was quick to recognise the fact. He rightly determined to call in Sir Edwin Lutyens as admittedly in the highest rank of living designers to advise him on the matter. Sir Edwin gave his services and produced the design here illustrated. The shrine, which the people of London will owe to the generosity of Mr. S. J. Waring, had to fulfil certain elementary conditions. It must be of a temporary and removable character. It responds to a present call, but how long that call will continue no one knows. The great war memorial of the future may render it unnecessary. All that was called for was an erection good in proportions, lucid of purpose, and emblematically accordant with the emotions of those for whom it is to be set up.

The lives given for us who survive, by those who have so generously laid them down, were by no means all the lives of Christians. Jews, Mahommedans, men of many faiths and many races have met on the altar of a common sacrifice in pursuit of a common ideal. The Christian Cross, though essentially it might have been—for have they not all borne the cross?—is not recognised by all as a common emblem. Common to all ancient religions, however, is the idea of the altar, and this, accordingly, has been chosen as a central feature. Before it a shelf for the offerings of individuals needs to be provided. To raise altar and shelf on a platform approached by steps is an obvious expedient. The platform is backed against an enclosing wall and emphasised at either end by a simple pylon. The altar is inscribed with the one word "Amen." The pylons bear inscriptions hopeful of immortality and expressive of faith in the Divine. They imply no special dogma, and few will want to dispute their simple adequacy. Such slight decorative features as have been added are on the pylons only—a few vertical rows of oak leaves, and on the summit of each pylon a pine cone. The cones are needed for æsthetic effect, and those who so desire may read into them an emblematic significance. The oak stands for endurance, not because anyone has invented that meaning for it, but because we think of an oak as a tough and lasting tree. The pine cone is said to have been used at some time as an emblem of eternity; it may have been, but for present purposes we are only concerned to know whether in form and proportions these cones in their place will look right. If the public finds comfort in the use of the war-shrine, when erected, as a means of honouring their beloved dead, that use will be in itself emblem enough. Let us hear no more trifling criticism of the soulless sort tending only to sterilise every effort to quicken and satisfy the imagination of our people, which since the days of the Reformation and Renaissance has been deprived by puritanical or highly superior literary persons of the quickening supplied to it in former days by the use of emblems and the performance of simple and often spontaneous rites.



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[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Each year after I get my harvest safely home I take a careful review of the result of my tractors' work for the previous twelve months. I got in the habit of doing this in the early days of my tractor using, when almost every farmer who came here referred to the bad effects that the tractor would have on my land, and particularly that this bad effect would be cumulative. The result this year confounds all critics and places the tractor as a farm implement on an even higher plane than ever before, for three reasons: first, the wonderful crops grown after tractor ploughing and cultivating; second, the extreme speed with which they were cut and reaped; third, the rapidity with which the ground has been reploughed and got ready for the new seed; in fact, I hope all my corn will be in the ground by the middle of September. The cumulative bad effect, promised by my critics, of the use of tractors on the heavy weald clay through compressing the land is, in fact, just the opposite. Each year my crops have been heavier, due, I believe, to the much greater depth ploughed by the tractors, 11ins. to 12ins. being the minimum we wish to plough at, and I hope shortly to obtain a plough that will go down 15ins. to 16ins. At present the plough manufacturers are not yet alive to what the tractor wants in the way of ploughs on deep, heavy soil. I am now quite sure that heavy-weight tractors are not a factor of much disadvantage on strong land, for the simple reason nothing ought to be on it when it can be damaged by weight, and when dry the heavier and more powerful, in reason, that the tractor is, the deeper and better can it perform its work. For serious work on my heavy land the Titan is the heaviest machine I am using now, and the best and cheapest. Horses and light wheel tractors like the Fordson are quite useless. The latter tractor from observation and reports of accidents, killing the driver through rearing up when striking a hard patch, has introduced a serious danger to users that must be remedied before this tractor can gain the vogue some of its merits should give it. After ploughing heavy clay in dry weather the large lumps of ground turned up prevent the lighter tractors from dealing with it, as it makes steering too difficult and there is too much driving wheel slip. It cannot be too often stated that the word "tractor" may mean a farm ploughing machine of as different and varying a character as lies between a Shetland pony and a Shire horse. Each buyer must have expert opinion as to the best all-round tractor for his farm, and on big farms two or three types can with advantage be used. The following crop returns for 1918 after tractor preparation on my clay farms is, I think, good enough for most people, and far beyond anything grown on these farms during the last fifty years so far as the records go. *Winter Oats.*—I have threshed out twenty-six sacks to the acre, or 104 bushels per acre, weighing, natural weight straight from the machine, 42½lb. per bushel. *Wheat.*—I have only threshed one piece a little under 5 acres, until last year only growing rushes and briars. I ran pigs on it for three years, tractor ploughed last July, and have threshed out fifty-one sacks of Little Joss wheat, a beautiful plump grain running over 40 bushels to the acre with two tons of straw per acre. Some of my better wheat land will thresh out at least 64 bushels to the acre, but will send you exact yield when threshed. It is the tractor that has made these clay lands productive through *deep* tillage at the *proper* time of year. If these averages can be kept up year in and year out, the whole outlook of British farming is changed, as we can then compete in normal times with the world's competititive prices. Personally, I believe the yield will go up, and not down, given deep cultivation—not less than 12ins., plus plenty of straw manure, lime and basic slag.—S. F. Edge (Sussex).

1868—1918.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The harvest of 1868 was infinitely superior to that of 1918. No rain fell during March, April, May, June and July, and the corn harvest was all over during the latter month. I know of an instance where a farmer, who was a miller also, cut, threshed and ground his wheat and converted it into bread in the month of July, 1868! But when we go into quantities, 1918 is much the more bountiful year. The year 1868 produced a splendid crop of wheat, very clean and free from weeds, and the yield was surprising in its excellent results; but every other kind of cereal was very short in the straw and deficient in quantity, while the hay crop was almost nil. One field of 40 acres that I know well produced four small cartloads only—not as much as would be left for "rakings" during a normal season! Now, this year we have had good crops of hay and every kind of corn, and the promise of an average crop of roots; but we are now well on into September and a good deal of corn is still lying in the open. To a man of my years it is indeed very interesting to wander around the scenes of my childhood and to observe the excellent crops of wheat and oats growing on what used to be our old playing meadows seventy years ago. Alas! and what changes have taken place since then in matters agricultural and in the rural population! I remember when the price of best English wheat dropped to 2s. 6d. per bushel, and as a consequence very much land went out of cultivation and the rural population had to migrate into the large towns. Now village industries of nearly all kinds have become things of the past and we have become dependent on foreign countries for the supply of food and many, many manufactured articles. I could have said with the parson (I forget his name), "The country tailor makes my coat, the village snob my boots"; but this is no longer possible. Why, the rural population now have to buy even their bread in the towns, and the country miller, village blacksmith, tailor and shoemaker have disappeared, together with sugar refiners and other important industries, all killed by so-called Free Trade. May the lessons of this war teach us as a nation to be wiser!—Seventy-one.

FOR A GARDEN IN THE NORTH.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Can any of your readers advise me as to what are the best roses to grow in a very wind-swept spot off the east coast of Northumberland? It is a high walled garden, practically on the sea, very much swept by winds. The one rose that grows there freely and well is General MacArthur. The roses are required for cutting purposes for house decoration. And, again, could your readers advise me as to the best apples and other fruits, for use from July till September, to grow in such a garden? The garden is four-square to the compass—north, south, east and west. Would Morella cherries grow in such a wind-swept position?—Northumbrian.

[We have had no experience in rose growing or fruit growing in such a bleak and wind-swept spot as that in which our correspondent resides, and we should welcome the views of Northern readers on the subject. We should expect the following roses to make fitting companions to General Macarthur and to give a profusion of blooms: Lady Ashtown, Lady Pirrie, La Tosca, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Mme. Leon Pain, Ophelia, Mrs. John Laing and Caroline Testout. Dwarf bedding roses, such as Jessie, Katherine Zeimet, Mrs. W. H. Cutbush and Orleans Rose, should also be tried. Some of the tall-growing roses are particularly hardy, and would doubtless thrive in a wind-swept garden if the strong growths were pegged down. Among the roses suitable for this treatment are Frau Karl Druschki, Hugh Dickson, Grüss an Teplitz, La Tosca, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Zephyrine Drouhin, Climbing Lady Ashtown, Lady Waterlow and William Allen Richardson. We see no reason why fruit trees should not yield good crops, especially against the high walls, so long as there is sufficient depth of soil for the trees. The south and west walls might be planted with plums, apples, dessert cherries and certain pears. The north and east walls should be left for Morello cherries, wall gooseberries, and red and white currants. We suggest the following: Dessert plums.—Denniston's Superb and Transparent Gage for south wall. Cooking plums.—Diamond, Early Prolific, Gisborne's, Magnum Bonum (red), Victoria and Pond's Seedling for south and west walls. Damsons should do well in the open, and we suggest the two varieties Merryweather and Langley Black Bullace. Apples, dessert.—Beauty of Bath and Worcester Pearmain for south or west walls; and Irish Peach and Kerry Pippin for the open. No doubt James Grieve would thrive. It is a capital apple, but would hardly come in before the end of September. Apples, cooking.—Keswick Codlin, Red Astrachan, Ecklinville, Stirling Castle, and Rev. W. Wilks as bush or pyramid trees in the open. Pears, dessert.—Clapp's Favourite, Jargonelle and Marguerite Marillat. A few trees only should be tried on a south wall. Cherries, Late Duke and White Heart on south or west wall, and Morello cherries on north wall, with trained gooseberries Crown Bob, Langley Gage, Keepsake, Lancashire Lad, Whinham's Industry, Langley Beauty, Yellow Rough and Whitesmith; also red currants Raby Castle, Scotch and New Red Dutch, and white currant Versaillaise. Black currants Baldwin's, Boskoop Giant and Blacksmith (Laxton) should be grown in the open.—Ed.]

THE ADELPHI.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—It is, I understand, the intention of the Air Ministry to take over a portion of the Adelphi as offices for their staff—a portion having already been commandeered last April for billeting troops for the Royal Air Force. The present tenants are naturally very disturbed as to when and how the houses would be requisitioned, but I understand that no information as to the course to be pursued will at present be vouchsafed, and as an official of the Office of Works puts it, "they must wait and see" All lovers of London will be distressed to hear that this beautiful and historical portion of Old London is likely to be converted into a Government office. This conversion will necessitate the various houses being altered and adapted to such an extent that it will be difficult to realise their former conditions once the metamorphosis is accomplished. Holes will be knocked in party-walls, staircases will be taken away, moulded and enriched fireplaces removed, drain pipes carried across Adam ceilings, and Angelica Kauffmann plaques bored through for electric pendants. The houses once occupied by Garrick, and beloved by Johnson are now occupied by well known artists and litterati such as Sir James Barrie, Joseph Pennell, John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, the Savage Club, the Society of Arts, the Naval Institution of Architects, etc., and they may soon be evicted at a moment's notice. To the non-official mind these houses seem the least suitable for the purpose it is proposed to put them to—with their double basements unusable as offices, their lofty first floors, and their attics only six feet six inches in height. But the view from the Terrace is one of the most perfect views in London, and the high rents will help to prevent the daily expenditure of the war from declining—hence the obvious necessity to the official mind of the site selected. The Brothers Adam leased Durham Yard, the site of the estate, at a yearly ground rent of £1,200. The agreement was made with the Duke of St. Albans, the leases falling in in 1868. The building was commenced in 1768.—Antiquary.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—In the issue of Country Life for September 7th Hubert D. Astley very properly condemns the killing of wild birds by children as being cruel, against the interests of agriculture and demoralising in its effect on the characters of the children. But he says, "setting aside sparrows"! Why is the value of the sparrow in killing insects so seldom admitted? And why has one of the cheerfullest and friendliest of little birds not an equal claim with others on our humanity? It is a pity that the people who want a sparrowless world cannot use their eyes and watch him clinging to the trees and busily eating up insects from the leaves, doing his bit as thoroughly as anyone!—Winifred Jones.

FLOWERS TO MARK THE HOURS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—In answer to your correspondent J. C. Bolton Jones, a floral dial composed of English wild flowers is given in "Rays from the Realms of Nature," by the late Rev. James Neil, and published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co., London.—E. P. J.

THE GARDENER AND THE TOAD.

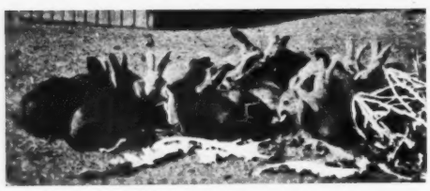
[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Your correspondent, Thomas Ratcliffe (issue September 7th, page 203), is in error in supposing that gardeners find toads a nuisance and treat them as such. Toads are friends of gardeners; they help to keep down many troublesome pests and they do no harm. When there is a scarcity of toads it is not unusual for gardeners to advertise for them, and efforts are made to keep these useful reptiles in gardens. I have never seen or heard of a gardener destroying toads in the manner referred to by your correspondent. Surely there is not a garden in the Kingdom where the toad is unwelcome.—H. C.

PHOTOGRAPHING RABBITS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I have read the many interesting articles on rabbits that you have published lately, but notice that very few photographs have accompanied them, so, perhaps, the enclosed may be of use. They were taken in a large enclosure with about thirty-eight rabbits in it. As they were not tame ones, the second photograph was only obtained after a good deal of time and patience had been expended on it. In hot weather, as soon as the rabbits had eaten their midday meal, they scuttled off to the trees and flopped down at full length under the shade. The slightest noise or movement, however, sent them flying off again; but by getting my small camera ready under the trees before the rabbits came to the shade, I was at last able to get a photograph of two of them before they were aware of anything going on.—M. G. T.



THE MIDDAY MEAL.

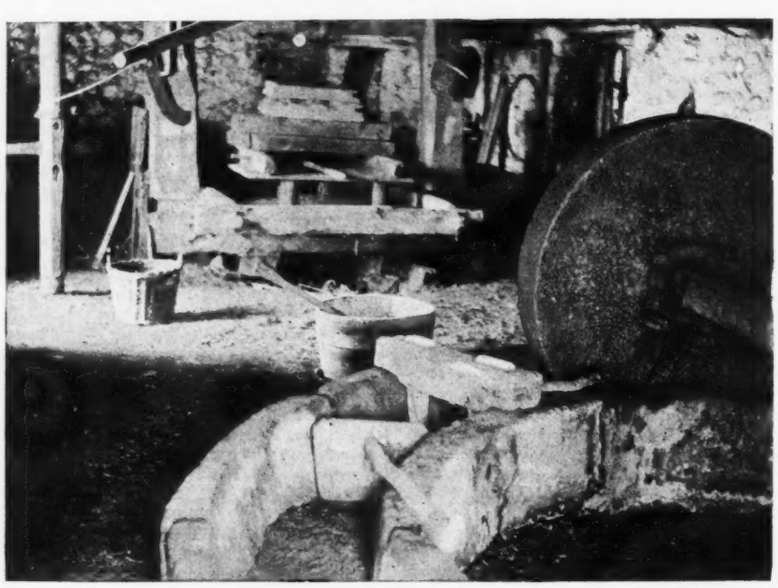


THE SIESTA.

CIDER-MAKING IN GUERNSEY.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I thought this picture of an old Guernsey cider press might interest you and your readers. The huge stone wheel, as well as the trough in which it runs, is made of the Island's noted granite. When 10 bushels or 12 bushels of apples have been thrown into the trough the patient Dobbin begins his weary round. From twenty to thirty times he completes the circle, looking for a *bonne bouche* of crushed apple as the pulp is transferred in tubs from the trough to the press, seen in the background, where every drop of juice is extracted. The pulp is carefully placed in the tray between layers of clean, fresh straw, the whole of the operation being carried out with scrupulous cleanliness. The apple juice stands in vats until fermentation has taken place. Some people crush the apples that fall in October, but the best cider is made from a later crop early in December. Very little cider is made in Guernsey, and the farmer who crushes 100 bushels of apples, making about 7 hogsheads of cider, does it more for pleasure then profit. Compared with the up-to-date mills in the cider-making districts in England, this type of press must be almost a curiosity. Indeed, it would be interesting to know whether such a primitive machine is to be found on the mainland.—Channel Islander.



AN OLD GUERNSEY CIDER PRESS.

HAWTHORN BERRIES AS FOOD FOR RABBITS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Upwards of fifty years ago as lads we used to keep a number of pets, among others a number of rabbits. I suppose the dad saw us dipping rather heavily into the oats, for he said one day, "You boys ought to gather some of the haws from the hedges for your rabbits; they are capital food for them." This, of course, just suited us, so we set to and gathered a lot of the berries, which the rabbits took to readily and, so far as we found, with no ill-effects. They used to eat the flesh and leave the stones in the troughs.—J. M.

FROM A SCOTTISH LOCH

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Herewith is a photograph I took of a waterhen's nest; it is built on the vertebræ and ribs of what must have been a large whale, at the edge of a loch. You see the three eggs; these were hatched on August 12th. It was on July 19th we first noticed the nest. The whale bones show above water between the edge of a grass paddock and a belt of lilies. When I passed going to fish with my red setter the hen used to get off and walk about the lily leaves, my setter eying it. The loch is only thirty-two acres in area, and yet it is the largest in Berwickshire, and it is 450ft. above the sea and distant from it about a stone's throw! The trout in it (Levenensis) are big—3¾lb. is the average so far this year, fifty-four caught and none put back, except this year's new stock of small two year olds. These big fellows had their early experiences described, you may remember, in your columns; you had a reproduction of "Bracken-fed trout." Have you heard of further experiments of feeding trout on vegetable matter? it has a war-time interest. Several of your readers concluded from the articles referred to that the trout were fed on bracken raw—a tough diet! I have had to explain at length that Nature first put the bracken through its digestive process.—W. G. Burn Murdoch.

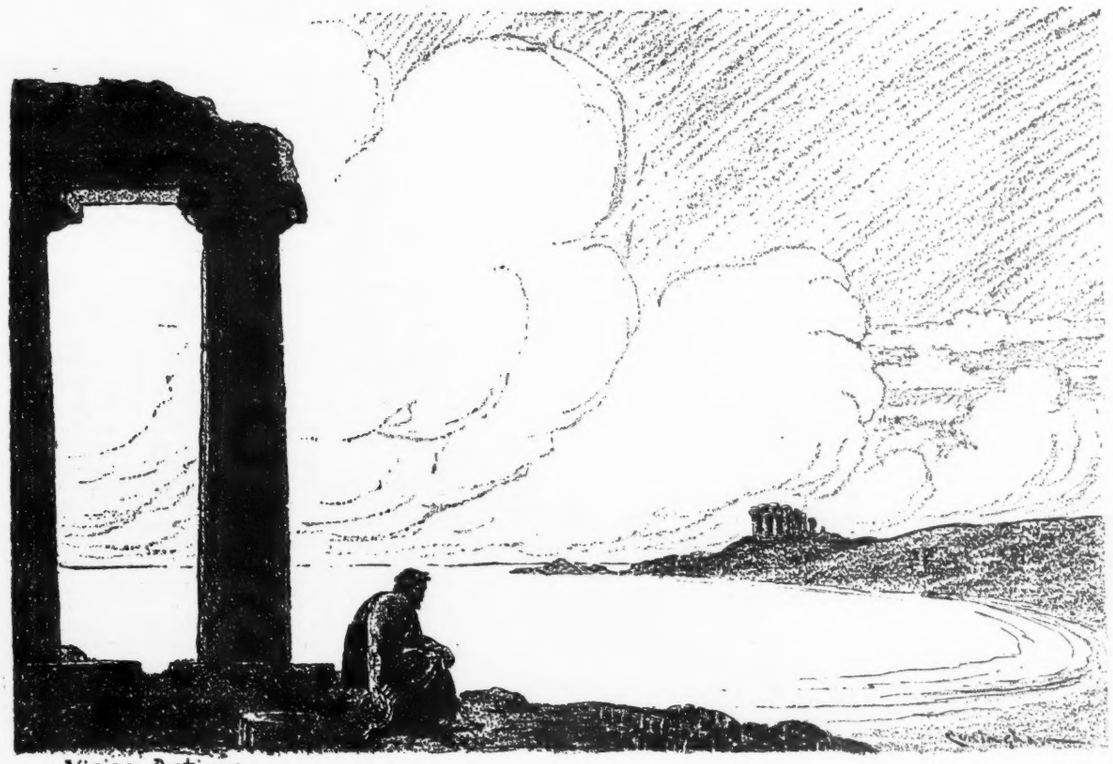


A MOORHEN'S NEST IN A WHALE'S SKELETON.

BLACK MARIA

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—A London memory of the happily concluded Metropolitan Police strike will be that, for a day or so, there was no one to drive the Black Marias, and prisoners had to be conveyed to and from the Courts in taxicabs. Few, probably, recollect that Black Maria came to us from America. She was Maria Lee, a negress of gigantic stature and enormous strength, who, in the intervals of looking after her sailors' boarding house at Boston, used to help the police in the frequent scrimmages there, and the unruly could always be got to the lock-up with the aid of Black Maria. Our French friends call the prison van a salad basket—an obvious witticism as to its varied contents—and the simile is strengthened by the fact—alluded to by Lorédan Larchey, in his "Dictionnaire Historique d'Argot"—that these vehicles were originally open on all sides, a wholesome reversal of the secret methods employed in the days of the *lettres de cachet*. —J. Landfear Lucas.



Vision Antique.

DREAMS AND REALITIES

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TURF, STUD & STABLE

THE exploits of Gainsborough compare with those of Gay Crusader in 1917 and Pommern in 1916. Each won the Two Thousand Guineas and the substitute races at Newmarket for the Derby and St. Leger. Without looking back through the ages I feel quite sure that there is no parallel in English Turf history—certainly not in our time—of three horses winning the three classic races within four years. Of course, I know that winning the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, the Derby at Epsom, and the St. Leger at Doncaster is not the same thing as winning three events on the same course at Newmarket. There is, in fact, a tremendous difference, and I will not therefore pursue the comparison. It is, nevertheless, quite remarkable enough that in four years there should have been three horses in existence each of which was capable of showing such marked superiority to all others. For, of course, it is marked superiority in every sense. I am personally far more satisfied with three tests over such a fair and exacting course as is Newmarket, over a mile, a mile and half and a mile and three-quarters, than, say, over the crazy course at Epsom, which would never be licensed as a racecourse to-day were it to be put forward for a licence. It would be considered dangerous as well as fluky from a strictly racing point of view.

It is not easy to suggest a reason why there should have been these three outstanding champions during a period so brief. Each stood out from its rivals just as surely as Flying Fox and Rock Sand did in their respective years. It is nearly twenty years since Flying Fox's day, while Rock Sand, in 1903, was the last Derby winner to win what takes rank in Turf history as the "Triple Crown." It is not easy also to suggest which was the most distinguished of the war-time trio—Pommern, Gay Crusader or Gainsborough. One may have a fancy for one or the other, but it is quite another matter to advance reasons to justify such fancy. Pommern won his three classic races quite easily and in the approved style of a champion. Gay Crusader only got home by a head for the Two Thousand Guineas last year, but ever afterwards he was quite untroubled to remain unbeaten. He never ran as a four year old, and Pommern only ran once and won at that age. Therefore in the event of Gainsborough remaining unbeaten as a four year old there will be an inclination to put him on a higher pedestal—firstly, because he has "trained on," which fact alone makes a strong appeal; and, secondly, by reason of the fact that "what is latest is best" has an odd way of carrying the day. Then both Gay Crusader and Gainsborough won the counterfeit Gold Cup race as three year olds, and the fact of being able to stay the two miles has undoubtedly added to their reputations. I think, personally, all three horses have been fortunate in having had to encounter only a moderate opposition. This applies especially to Gainsborough in 1918. Perhaps Pommern was opposed by a rather more pretentious opposition than the later champions, but then again, if you concede that a horse really is entitled to championship rank, it is hardly fair to belittle him by belittling those he has vanquished. Though Gainsborough had a particularly soft task to win the September Stakes last week, he must be given credit for a remarkably smooth and impressive performance. My Dear is a most genuine mare, and yet she was promptly settled when the pinch of the struggle in the last furlong or two was applied. And it is further to his credit that he has remained sound and well throughout a strenuous season. It is satisfactory to find that your champion racehorse is really and truly endowed with splendid physique and constitution as well as the ability to race. The greatest credit is due to his most able trainer, Alec Taylor, who has demonstrated once again what a masterhand he is with high-class horses. Gainsborough in particular enabled him to prove his possession of the virtue once again, for Lady James Douglas' horse was of the sort that required time and intimate study to enable him to come to his strength and his full powers. A less patient man, a man less painstaking, skilful and experienced, might have failed.

On the face of it there does not seem to be much wrong with thoroughbred horse breeding when in the fifth year of war 280 yearlings make 146,965 guineas. In the circumstances it is a stupendous total, and goes to show that though the heavy buyers before the war may have dropped out, others have come in to take their places. Just before the war Mr. E. Hulton, Mr. Bower Ismay and Sir William Nelson bought heavily at Doncaster; a year or two ago Sir W. J. Tatem (now Lord Glanely) and Sir A. Black expended several thousands between them; and last week we had Lord Wilton, Mr. A. E. Barton, Mr. Peard (buying on behalf of Lord Furness) and Major Logan Kidston speculating just as if there were no war on and substantial stakes were still being offered at Ascot and elsewhere throughout the country. At any rate, the signs cannot be accepted as other than extremely healthy and encouraging. Surely there can be no doubt now about the great future before racing and breeding when war really is a thing of the past. They will boom as they have never done in the past. Those who entertain that faith and think and act accordingly simply cannot go wrong.

The Tetrarch's stock ran for the first time in 1918, and as they have done extraordinarily well, it was a foregone conclusion that his yearlings would be keenly sought after. Even so the prices were wonderful. There was the Sledmere Tetrarch colt from Miss Cobalt, about which I wrote last month. Sure enough he made over 4,000 guineas, Mr. Barton being the buyer. I never had any doubt that he was the best of the Sledmere contingent, but I must confess to some surprise that the Lemberg-Honora colt, from the same stud, made only 1,000 guineas. I thought he was a beautiful colt, and Colling, the trainer, who bought him (probably for Sir A. Black), has, I feel sure, got a fine bargain.

Mr. Lionel Robinson got 4,000 guineas for his Tetrarch filly from Bill and Coo, the buyer being Lord Furness. The colts by the famous grey are certainly imposing enough, but it is significant that his first winning two year olds this season are chiefly fillies. Mr. Persse, who trained him, paid 2,800 guineas and 1,600 guineas respectively for two grey colts. The horse is transmitting his colour with marked persistency, though there may never be one quite so weirdly coloured as he was. Lord Lonsdale waited until the last day of the sales before he launched forth, and then he got a very fine filly by Lomond (by Desmond) from Sisterlike, the dam of Stornoway. I hope she will do really well for him, as he has never owned a top-sawyer on the flat.

Lord Wilton paid 3,300 guineas for the brown colt by Royal Realm from Countess Zia, and therefore half-brother of The Panther, who very smartly won the Autumn Stakes during the week. I personally regard The Panther as the best two year old of the season, and the fact of his win would encourage Lord Wilton. But then the two year old is by Tracery, who is altogether a widely different proposition from Royal Realm, though the latter's yearling is a wonderfully good one judged solely on looks.

Of course, the sensation of the week, if I may be pardoned for using the word, was the selling of the filly by Orby out of Mesange for 6,000 guineas. This was prodigious, even though defunct Orby has given the world some very choice winners; while Mesange had previously foaled such well known horses as Lanius, Meleager, Jaeger and Argos. Lord Wilton again! Six thousand guineas for a yearling caused stir enough in pre-war days, for in my memory it was only exceeded on two other occasions, one, of course, being the 10,000 guineas given for Sceptre. The last time a purchaser went to 6,000 guineas was when Sir William Nelson gave that amount at Doncaster for the colt from Veneration II (dam of Craganour and others), and trouble in the law courts followed on account of the youngster being a roarer. If I had been asked to suggest the yearling at Newmarket last week to make the top price of the sale, I should not have fixed on this Orby filly, and I do not think others would have done so. I should have declared for the Sledmere Tetrarch colt, which actually did make top price with the one exception referred to.

Once more the sales point to the same object-lesson: if the breeder for public auction wants to make a success of his business he must breed from winning mares that are also dams of winners and from the best and most expensive sires. The big outlay brings the big profits. PHILLIPPOS.

TO "NAUGHTY"

(*On the death of a favourite dog.*)

Perhaps you were not handsome from a doggie point of view,
And your prizes on the show bench would have been absurdly few;
But when all your faults are told,
You'd a heart of sterling gold,
To the friends who loved, and chaffed, you, staunch and true.

We used to call you "fool" in a friendly sort of way,
And you didn't mind a bit, for you knew we spoke in play;
And I've met folk not a few,
Who weren't half as wise as you,
With your soft brown eyes as honest as the day!

How you wrestled with the kitten, how you chased the sparrows brown!
How you fought with half the dogs in the country and the town!
For you feared no hound alive,
And you really seemed to thrive
On the wounds you often got when you were down!

You were regular at table, and you seldom missed a meal,
And you "begged" with such persistence as to melt a heart of steel,
And if pussy ate your share,
Like the gentleman you were
You only cast a look of mute appeal.

Now death has closed your bonnie eyes and stilled your heart so true,
And you're sleeping where we made your grave beneath a shady yew,
But at memory's gracious will
You'll be often with us still,
Sundered service, and affection, to renew.

A. FREWEN AYLWARD.